

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY

MARCH 1954 — 50 cents

PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY





KIND WORDS

I've just finished reading the first issue of **PLAYBOY** and all I have to say is *Wow!* This magazine makes *Sir*, *Stag*, and *Esquire* look sick.

Garland Robinson, Jr.
S. Norwood, Ohio

As a recently returned Korean veteran, rather than as a playboy in the strict sense, may I take this occasion to compliment you and your staff on the first two issues of **PLAYBOY**? It is very pleasing to discover, upon returning to this country, that not all the humor and fun has been sterilized out of existence by pseudo-purists of one sort or another.

I think that your idea of running both the Sherlock Holmes and the Boccaccio is excellent. Also, I very much approve of Leon Bellin's illustrations for the latter. Your *Party Jokes* section is the sort of thing I normally have a well developed allergy for, but whoever gets up this section for you is doing a fine job—and the border is delightful. Further, you've successfully done what no other magazine has been able to do—you've revived the full-page illustrated joke.

The guy who photographed "An Open Letter From California" in your first issue certainly knows what fellows like us (who are a bit behind on this sort of thing) really enjoy; any of us who've wallowed in stinking Korean mud would have given a couple of eye teeth to have assisted in the posing of the model for these photographs.

In short, I think your magazine shows good taste and imagination, and I'm very grateful to you. Good luck and thanks.

Korean Veteran
Washington, D.C.

Just two issues and **PLAYBOY** is tops in its field!

Donald Kutski
Chicago, Illinois

Alright, alright, I give up. If I had a bit of will power—but I don't. Two issues have convinced me. Please send

dear playboy

Address **PLAYBOY**, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois

to me, at the address attached, one year of PLAYBOY. Incidentally, those "special rates" for one year stink!

F. T. Berg, Jr.
Baton Rouge, La.

APPLE OF OUR EYE

May I ask who is the delightful dish who seems to be the apple of PLAYBOY's eye on your letters page? I hope you have plans for showing us more of her in subsequent issues—in larger pictures, of course.

James R. Russell
Escanaba, Michigan

A number of readers have asked for more pictures of this PLAYBOY eye-ful. We'll oblige in the next issue.

MISS LACE

I was extremely pleased about the nice treatment you gave *Miss Lace* and certainly am grateful for your interest in my work.

Milton Caniff
New City, N. Y.



I very much enjoyed your reprints from Milton Caniff's *Miss Lace*. Why not follow up with the most famous English comic strip female, *Jane*, from the *London Mirror*. Jane could find more reasons for getting undressed than any ten other women.

T. B. Holman
Fort Worth, Texas

SALES

I am very pleased with the sale that we are enjoying on PLAYBOY and have hopes of much greater sales. Our

original order on the first issue was 500 copies. We reordered an additional 650 copies, but they didn't arrive till nearly three weeks later and some of the fever had died down. However, we sold most of the additional 650 copies. On the second issue, you sent me 1,000 copies. I am most happy to report that we have sold the entire shipment, so I've put back on the stands the remainder of the first issue that I had. And believe it or not, the first issue is now selling again.

For the next issue—the third one—will you please raise my order to 1,500 copies so that I can start a few more dealers who have been asking for it. Would you believe that I sold the 1,000 copies in only five stands concentrated near the University of Illinois campus. Now I want to expand the distribution to other outlets in Champaign and Urbana.

Esther L. Hays
C & U News Agency
Champaign, Illinois

FIRST ISSUES

I have just purchased and perused the January issue of PLAYBOY. And, man, it's the *most*! Articles, pictures, and features are all tops. I've never seen anything like it, and I think I've seen quite a few.

I notice this is the second issue. Would it be possible to get a copy of issue number one?

Gene Morris
Naperville, Illinois

I suppose I am asking "the impossible," but I am writing with the hope that you can send me a copy of your first edition of PLAYBOY magazine. I'm sure you have had many other such requests, since the supply ran out terribly fast here in Oklahoma City. It was undoubtedly the same all over the country.

L. H. Ward, Jr.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The small quantity of first issues still on hand is being saved for Charter Subscribers. A subscription to PLAYBOY will guarantee your receiving every one of the great issues coming up and can include any of the first

four issues you may have missed. A three year subscription to PLAYBOY is \$13—two years for \$10—one for \$6.

MARLENE

Just received the second issue of PLAYBOY after being overwhelmingly pleased with your first issue. Yours is, without a doubt, the finest of its kind on the stands. Please keep up the fine work.

Your taste in fine females is superb. May I suggest a shot of Marlene Dietrich in your next issue? She just opened a three week run at The Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas at \$30,000 per, in a dress said to be transparent from the waist up, which she claims creates interest in her act. (My God, she is 53 years old!) Sounds like it might make a good candid shot for PLAYBOY.

Ronald C. Paape
Washington, D.C.



Marlene's dress designer had wanted to make the bottom half of her dress transparent too. When asked what she was wearing under the skirt, Marlene replied, "A garter belt."



ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE MEN'S SHOP,
C/O PLAYBOY, 11 E. SUPERIOR STREET,
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S.

THE MEN'S SHOP



We don't know how the recent cigarette articles have affected your smoking habits, but if you're thinking about switching to a pipe, you'll be interested in the Playboy Pipe Rack, designed especially for PLAYBOY by J. E. Tucker. Each rack is hand-crafted from hard wood and steel in an exclusive and unusually handsome, modern design. The rack is 7" high, 10" long, and holds twelve pipes. \$4.50.

This tattersal-check corduroy shirt will make a fashionable addition to your leisure-time wardrobe. It is tailored



in fine quality, washable pin-wale corduroy, with a handsome tattersal check on natural cream-color background. Styled to be worn either in or out of the trousers, with adjustable cuffs and a two-way collar. Specify size small, medium, large, or extra large. \$7.95.



For the man who likes to travel light, here's the smartest flight-weight luggage on the market. A water-repellent cover is built over a sturdy aluminum frame. The side zips open for easy packing. Available in brown with russet vinyl bindings, or blue with black bindings; lined in lustrous rayon. In two sizes — the 21" is \$21.00 — the 24", \$24.00.



A molded plastic rocker for comfort in the modern apartment, home, or office. Part of the famous Herman Miller line designed by Charles Eames. Handsome and durable — its fiberglass-plastic seat will not burn, scratch, or break, is scientifically shaped to the body for maximum comfort. The legs are available in either aluminum-colored silver zinc or black; the seats come in red, lemon, beige, or seafoam green. \$39.95.

Here's a useful, compact car-kit that fits conveniently into your glove compartment. Includes a brush for car-seat or clothes, an anti-fog cloth to keep your windows clear enough to spot the traffic cop behind you, a windshield ice remover, four-in-



screwdriver, bottle opener, and comb. In either black or brown, simulated leather case, \$2.50.



The Portable Pony Bar is a really unique liquor server. This wrought iron horse holds 8 fifths of your favorite booze, has a serving surface for glasses, a towel rack, and holds napkins in its metal mane. For indoor and patio serving, the Pony Bar wheels anywhere you lead him. \$30.00.

This ingenious contraption will get you in shape for the coming golf season. You can practice your drives in



your own backyard with the Voit "Golf Master." You sock the ball in the usual way and the machine instantly registers distance, direction, and loft. Ball is attached to an unbreakable nylon cord — a twenty foot clear area is all that is required for your very best swing. Complete, just \$18.95.

You can concentrate on filling that inside straight instead of worrying about spilling your drink or searching



for an ashtray, when you play at this Deluxe Poker Table. The smooth, padded playing surface is green leatherette; the rest of the table has a mahogany finish. The legs fold up for easy storage. The table is 58" from corner to corner, 48" wide, 29½" high. With 8 glass holders and ashtrays, \$59.50.



A hilarious satire on 'TV' — at home and in the studio — *TV or not TV* pokes fun at America's favorite form of entertainment. Drawings and text are by top PLAYBOY cartoonist Arv Miller. If you like the sample on page 22, you'll love the book. Just published, \$1.00.

With this watch on your wrist, you'll not only know what time it is, you'll know the day, the date, and the month. This automatic calendar watch gives you the information at a glance. It's self-winding, with a 17 jewel movement, and is anti-magnetic, shock-protected, with a guaran-



teed-for-life, unbreakable mainspring. Luminous numerals and hands. In a handsome, gold-filled case, with gold-filled expansion band. \$85.00.





CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBOY

VOL. 1, NO. 4, MARCH, 1954

FAHRENHEIT 451—fiction	ray bradbury	6
THE MEDICINE MAN—fiction	erskine caldwell	12
TROUBLE IN TOBACCOLAND—article	glen douglas	15
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		19
YOUR MIND AND HOW IT WORKS—humor	roger price	20
THE MAGIC BOX—pictorial	arv miller	22
MISS MARCH—playboy's playmate of the month		26
JOHNS—THE outhouse beautiful—pictorial	frank o'beirne	30
TALES FROM THE DECAMERON—fiction	boccaccio	32
LIQUOR LADY NO. 1—drink	gloria	34
SEX SELLS A SHIRT—pictorial		36

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FAHRENHEIT



"Come on, woman!" Montag cried.

451

The temperature at which book-
paper catches fire, and burns...

FICTION

by
RAY BRADBURY

This is the first part of a 3 part novel. PLAYBOY doesn't usually print continued stories, but this is too good to cut to a single issue. FAHRENHEIT 451 will become, we believe, a modern science fiction classic. It is more than fantasy — it is a frightening prediction of a future world we are creating NOW.

PART ONE

IT WAS A PLEASURE TO BURN.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and *changed*. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped-up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

(continued on next page)



ILLUSTRATED BY BEN DENISON

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from preceding page)

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

He hung up his black beetle-colored helmet and shined it; he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

He walked out of the fire station and along the midnight street toward the subway where the silent air-propelled train slid soundlessly down its lubricated flue in the earth and let him out with a great puff of warm air onto the cream-tiled escalator rising to the suburb.

Whistling, he let the escalator waft him into the still night air. He walked toward the corner, thinking little at all about nothing in particular. Before he reached the corner, however, he slowed as if a wind had sprung up from nowhere, as if someone had called his name.

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment prior to his making the turn, someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through. Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the white, unused buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak.

But now tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting?

He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting.

The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes so dark and shining and alive, that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotized by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix-disc on his chest, he spoke again.

"Of course," he said, "you're our new neighbor, aren't you?"

"And you must be—" She raised her eyes from his professional symbols, "—the fireman." He voice trailed off.

"How oddly you say that."

"I'd—I'd have known it with my eyes shut," she said, slowly.

"What—the smell of kerosene? My wife always complains," he laughed. "You never wash it off completely."

"No, you don't," she said, in awe.

He felt she was walking in a circle about him, turning him end for end, shaking him quietly, and emptying his pockets, without once moving herself.

"Kerosene," he said, because the silence had lengthened, "is nothing but perfume to me."

"Does it seem like that, really?"

"Of course. Why not?"

She gave herself time to think of it.

"I don't know." She turned to face the sidewalk going toward their homes. "Do you mind if I walk back with you? I'm Clarisse McClellan."

"Clarisse. Guy Montag. Come along. What are you doing out so late wandering around? How old are you?"

They walked in the warm-cool blowing night on the silvered pavement and there was the faintest breath of fresh apricots and strawberries in the air, and he looked around and realized this was quite impossible, so late in the year.

There was only the girl walking with him now, her face bright as snow in the moonlight, and he knew she was working his questions around, seeking the best answers she could possibly give.

"Well," she said, "I'm seventeen and I'm crazy. My uncle says the two always go together. When people ask your age, he said, always say seventeen and insane. Isn't this a nice time of night to walk? I like to smell things and look at things, and sometimes stay up all night, walking, and watch the sun rise."

They walked on again in silence and finally she said, thoughtfully, "You know, I'm not afraid of you at all."

He was surprised. "Why should you be?"

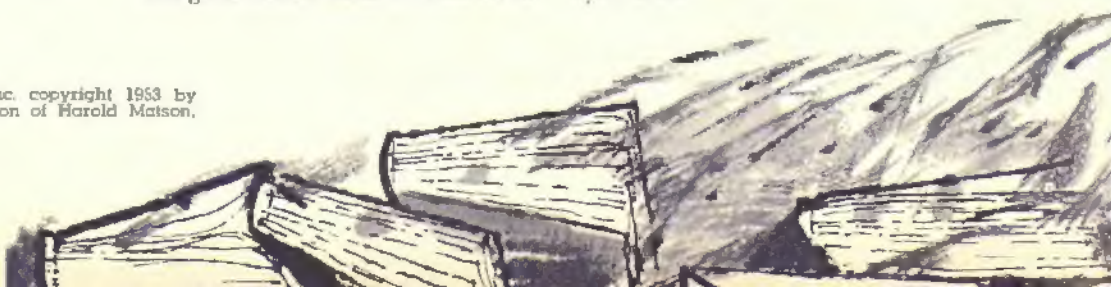
"So many people are. Afraid of firemen, I mean. But you're just a man, after all . . ."

He saw himself in her eyes, suspended in two shining drops of bright water, himself dark and tiny, in fine detail, the lines about his mouth, everything there, as if her eyes were two miraculous bits of violet amber that might capture and hold him intact. Her face, turned to him now, was fragile milk crystal with a soft and constant light in it. It was not the hysterical light of electricity but—what? But the strangely comfortable and rare and gently flattering light of the candle. One time, as a child, in a power-failure, his mother had found and lit a last candle and there had been a brief hour of rediscovery, of such illumination that space lost its vast dimensions and drew comfortably around them, and they, mother and son, alone, transformed, hoping that the power might not come on again too soon. . . .

And then Clarisse McClellan said: "Do you mind if I ask? How long've you worked at being a fireman?"

"Since I was twenty, ten years ago."

"Do you ever read any of the books you burn?"



He laughed. "That's against the law!"

"Oh. Of course."

"It's fine work. Monday burn Mil-lay, Wednesday Whitman, Friday Faulkner, burn 'em to ashes, then burn the ashes. That's our official slogan."

They walked still further and the girl said, "Is it true that long ago firemen put fires out instead of going to them?"

"No. Houses have *always* been fire-proof, take my word for it."

"Strange. I heard once that a long time ago houses used to burn by accident and they needed firemen to stop the flames."

He laughed.

She glanced quickly over. "Why are you laughing?"

"I don't know." He started to laugh again and stopped. "Why?"

"You laugh when I haven't been funny and you answer right off. You never stop to think what I've asked you."

He stopped walking. "You *are* an odd one," he said, looking at her. "Haven't you any respect?"

"I don't mean to be insulting. It's just, I love to watch people too much, I guess."

"Well, doesn't this mean *anything* to you?" He tapped the numerals 451 stitched on his char-colored sleeve.

"Yes," she whispered. She increased her pace. "Have you ever watched the jet-cars racing on the boulevards down that way?"

"You're changing the subject!"

"I sometimes think drivers don't know what grass is, or flowers, because they never see them slowly," she said. "If you showed a driver a green blur, Oh yes! he'd say, that's grass! A pink blur? That's a rose-garden! White blurs are houses. Brown blurs are cows. My uncle drove slowly on a highway once. He drove forty miles an hour and they jailed him for two days. Isn't that funny, and sad, too?"

"You think too many things," said Montag, uneasily.

"I rarely watch the 'parlor walls' or go to races or Fun Parks. So I've lots of time for crazy thoughts, I guess. Have you seen the two hundred-foot-long billboards in the country beyond town? Did you know that once bill-boards were only twenty feet long? But cars started rushing by so quickly they had to stretch the advertising out so it would last."

"I didn't know that!" Montag laughed abruptly.

"Bet I know something else you don't. There's dew on the grass in the morning."

He suddenly couldn't remember if he had known this or not, and it made him quite irritable.

"And if you look—" she nodded at the sky, "there's a man in the moon."

He hadn't looked for a long time.

They walked the rest of the way in silence, hers thoughtful, his a kind of clenching and uncomfortable silence in which he shot her accusing glances. When they reached her house all its lights were blazing.

"What's going on?" Montag had rarely seen that many house lights.

"Oh, just my mother and father and uncle sitting around, talking. It's like being a pedestrian, only rarer. My uncle was arrested another time—did I tell you?—for being a pedestrian. Oh, we're *most* peculiar."

"But what do you *talk* about?"

She laughed at this. "Good night!" She started up her walk. Then she seemed to remember something and came back to look at him with wonder and curiosity "Are you happy?" she said.

"Am I *what*?" he cried.

But she was gone—running in the moonlight. Her front door shut gently.

"Happy! Of all the nonsense."

He stopped laughing.

He put his hand into the glove-hole of his front door and let it know his touch. The front door slid open.

Of course I'm happy. What does she think? I'm *not*? he asked the quieter rooms. He stood looking up at the ventilator grille in the hall and suddenly remembered that something lay hidden behind the grille, something that seemed to peer down at him now. He moved his eyes quickly away.

What a strange meeting on a strange night. He remembered nothing like it save one afternoon a year ago when he had met an old man in the park and they had talked . . .

Montag shook his head. He looked at a blank wall. The girl's face was there, really quite beautiful in memory: astonishing, in fact. She had a very thin face like the dial of a small clock seen faintly in a dark room in the middle of a night when you waken to see the time and see the clock telling you the hour and the minute and the second, with a white silence and a glowing, all certainty and knowing what it has to tell of the night passing swiftly on toward further darknesses, but moving also toward a new sun.

"*What*?" asked Montag of that other self, the subconscious idiot that ran babbling at times, quite independent of will, habit, and conscience.

He glanced back at the wall. How like a mirror, too, her face. Impossible; for how many people did you know that refracted your own light to you? People were more often—he searched for a simile, found one in his work—torches, blazing away until they whiffed out. How rarely did other people's faces take you and throw back to you your own expression, your own innermost trembling thought?

What incredible power of identification the girl had; she was like the eager watcher of a marionette show, anticipating each flicker of an eyelid, each gesture of his hand, each flick of a finger, the moment before it began. How long had they walked together? Three minutes? Five? Yet how large that time seemed now. How immense a figure she was on the stage before him; what a shadow she threw on the wall with her slender body! He felt that if his eye itched, she might blink. And if the muscles of his jaws stretched imperceptibly, she would yawn long before he would.

Why, he thought, now that I think of it, she almost seemed to be waiting for me there, in the street, so damned late at night. . .

He opened the bedroom door.

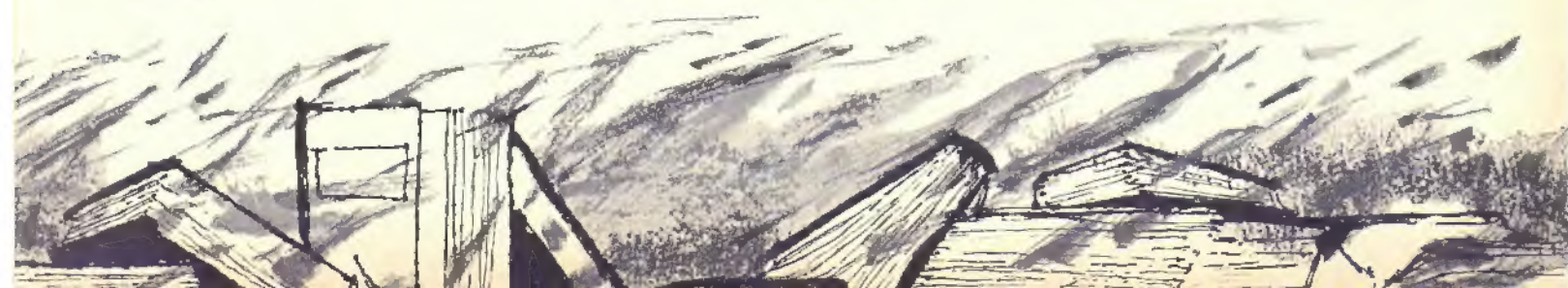
It was like coming into the cold marbled room of a mausoleum after the moon has set. Complete darkness, not a hint of the silver world outside, the windows tightly shut, the chamber a tomb-world where no sound from the great city could penetrate. The room was not empty.

He listened.

The little mosquito-delicate dancing hum in the air, the electrical murmur of a hidden wasp snug in its special pink warm nest. The music was almost loud enough so he could follow the tune.

He felt his smile slide away, melt, fold over and down on itself like a tallow skin, like the stuff of a fantastic candle burning too long and now collapsing and now blown out. Darkness. He was not happy. He was not happy. He said the words to himself. He recognized this as the true state of affairs. He wore his happiness like a mask and the girl had run off across the lawn with the mask and there was no way of going to knock on her door and ask for it back.

Without turning on the light he imagined how this room would look. His wife stretched on the bed, uncovered and cold, like a body displayed on the lid of a tomb, her eyes fixed on the (continued on next page)





FAHRENHEIT 451

(continued from preceding page)

ceiling by invisible threads of steel, immovable. And in her ears the little Seashells, the thimble radios tamped tight, and an electronic ocean of sound, of music and talk and music and talk coming in, coming in on the shore of her unsleeping mind. The room was indeed empty. Every night the waves came in and bore her off on their great tides of sound, floating her, wide-eyed, toward morning. There had been no night in the last two years that Mildred had not swum that sea, had not gladly gone down in it for the third time.

The room was cold but nonetheless he felt he could not breathe. He did not wish to open the drapes and open the French windows, for he did not want the moon to come into the room. So, with the feeling of a man who will die in the next hour for lack of air, he felt his way toward his open, separate, and therefore cold bed.

An instant before his foot hit the object on the floor he knew he would hit such an object. It was not unlike the feeling he had experienced before turning the corner and almost knocking the girl down. His foot, sending vibrations ahead, received back echoes of the small barrier across its path even as the foot swung. His foot kicked. The object gave a dull clink and slid off in darkness.

He stood very straight and listened to the person on the dark bed in the completely featureless night. The breath coming out the nostrils was so faint it stirred only the furthest fringes of life, a small leaf, a black feather, a single fibre of hair.

He still did not want outside light. He pulled out his igniter, felt the salamander etched on its silver disc, gave it a flick. . . .

Two moonstones looked up at him in the light of his small hand-held fire; two pale moonstones buried in a creek of clear water over which the life of the world ran, not touching them.

"Mildred!"

Her face was like a snow-covered island upon which rain might fall, but it felt no rain; over which clouds might pass their moving shadows, but she felt no shadow. There was only the singing of the thimble-wasps in her tamped-shut ears, and her eyes all glass, and breath going in and out, softly, faintly, in and out her nostrils, and her not caring whether it came or went, went or came.

The object he had sent tumbling with his foot now glinted under the edge of his own bed. The small crystal bottle of sleeping tablets which earlier today had been filled with thirty capsules and which now lay uncapped and empty in the light of the tiny flare.

As he stood there the sky over the

house screamed. There was a tremendous ripping sound as if two giant hands had torn ten thousand miles of black linen down the seam. Montag was cut in half. He felt his chest chopped down and split apart. The jet-bombers going over, going over, going over, one two, one two, one two, six of them, nine of them, twelve of them, one and one and one and another and another and another, did all the screaming for him. He opened his own mouth and let their shriek come down and out between his bared teeth. The house shook. The flare went out in his hand. The moonstones vanished. He felt his hand plunge toward the telephone.

The jets were gone. He felt his lips move, brushing the mouthpiece of the phone. "Emergency hospital." A terrible whisper.

He felt that the stars had been pulverized by the sound of the black jets and that in the morning the earth would be covered with their dust like a strange snow. That was his idiot thought as he stood shivering in the dark, and let his lips go on moving and moving.

They had this machine. They had two machines, really. One of them slid down into your stomach like a black cobra down an echoing well looking for all the old water and the old time gathered there. It drank up the green matter that flowed to the top in a slow boil. Did it drink of the darkness? Did it suck out all the poisons accumulated with the years? It fed in silence with an occasional sound of inner suffocation and blind searching. It had an Eye. The impersonal operator of the machine could, by wearing a special optical helmet, gaze into the soul of the person whom he was pumping out. What did the Eye see? He did not say. He saw but did not see what the Eye saw. The entire operation was not unlike the digging of a trench in one's yard. The woman on the bed was no more than a hard stratum of marble they had reached. Go on, anyway, shove the bore down, slush up the emptiness, if such a thing could be brought out in the throb of the suction snake. The operator stood smoking a cigarette. The other machine was working, too.

The other machine, operated by an equally impersonal fellow in nonstainable reddish-brown coveralls. This machine pumped all of the blood from the body and replaced it with fresh blood and serum.

"Got to clean 'em out both ways," said the operator, standing over the silent woman. "No use getting the stomach if you don't clean the blood. Leave that stuff in the blood and the blood hits the brain like a mallet, bang, a couple thousand times and

the brain just gives up, just quits."

"Stop it!" said Montag.

"I was just sayin'," said the operator.

"Are you done?" said Montag.

They shut the machines up tight. "We're done." His anger did not even touch them. They stood with the cigarette smoke curling around their noses and into their eyes without making them blink or squint. "That's fifty bucks."

"First, why don't you tell me if she'll be all right?"

"Sure, she'll be okay. We got all the mean stuff right in our suitcase here, it can't get at her now. As I said, you take out the old and put in the new and you're okay."

"Neither of you is an M.D. Why didn't they send an M. D. from Emergency?"

"Hell!" The operator's cigarette moved on his lip. "We get these cases nine or ten a night. Got so many, starting a few years ago, we had the special machines built. With the optical lens, of course, that was new; the rest is ancient. You don't need an M. D., case like this; all you need is two handymen, clean up the problem in half an hour. Look—" he started for the door—"we gotta go. Just had another call on the old ear-thimble. Ten blocks from here. Someone else just jumped off the cap of a pillbox. Call if you need us again. Keep her quiet. We got a contra-sedative in her. She'll wake up hungry. So long."

And the men with the cigarettes in their straight-lined mouths, the men with the eyes of puff adders, took up their load of machine and tube, their case of liquid melancholy and the slow dark sludge of nameless stuff, and strolled out the door.

Montag sank down into a chair and looked at this woman. Her eyes were closed now, gently, and he put out his hand to feel the warmth of breath on his palm.

"Mildred," he said, at last.

There are too many of us, he thought. There are billions of us and that's too many. Nobody knows anyone. Strangers come and violate you. Strangers come and cut your heart out. Strangers come and take your blood. Good God, who were those men? I never saw them before in my life!

Half an hour passed.

The bloodstream in this woman was new and it seemed to have done a new thing to her. Her cheeks were very pink and her lips were very fresh and full of color and they looked soft and relaxed. Someone else's blood there. If only someone else's flesh and brain and memory. If only they could have taken her mind along to the dry-cleaner's and emptied the pockets and steamed and cleansed it and reblocked it and brought it back in the morning. If only . . .

He got up and put back the drapes and opened the windows wide to let the night air (continued on page 18)



THE MEDICINE MAN

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

The Professor usually dispensed his medicine by the bottle, but the country girl's complaint called for more than Indian Root Tonic.

FICTION

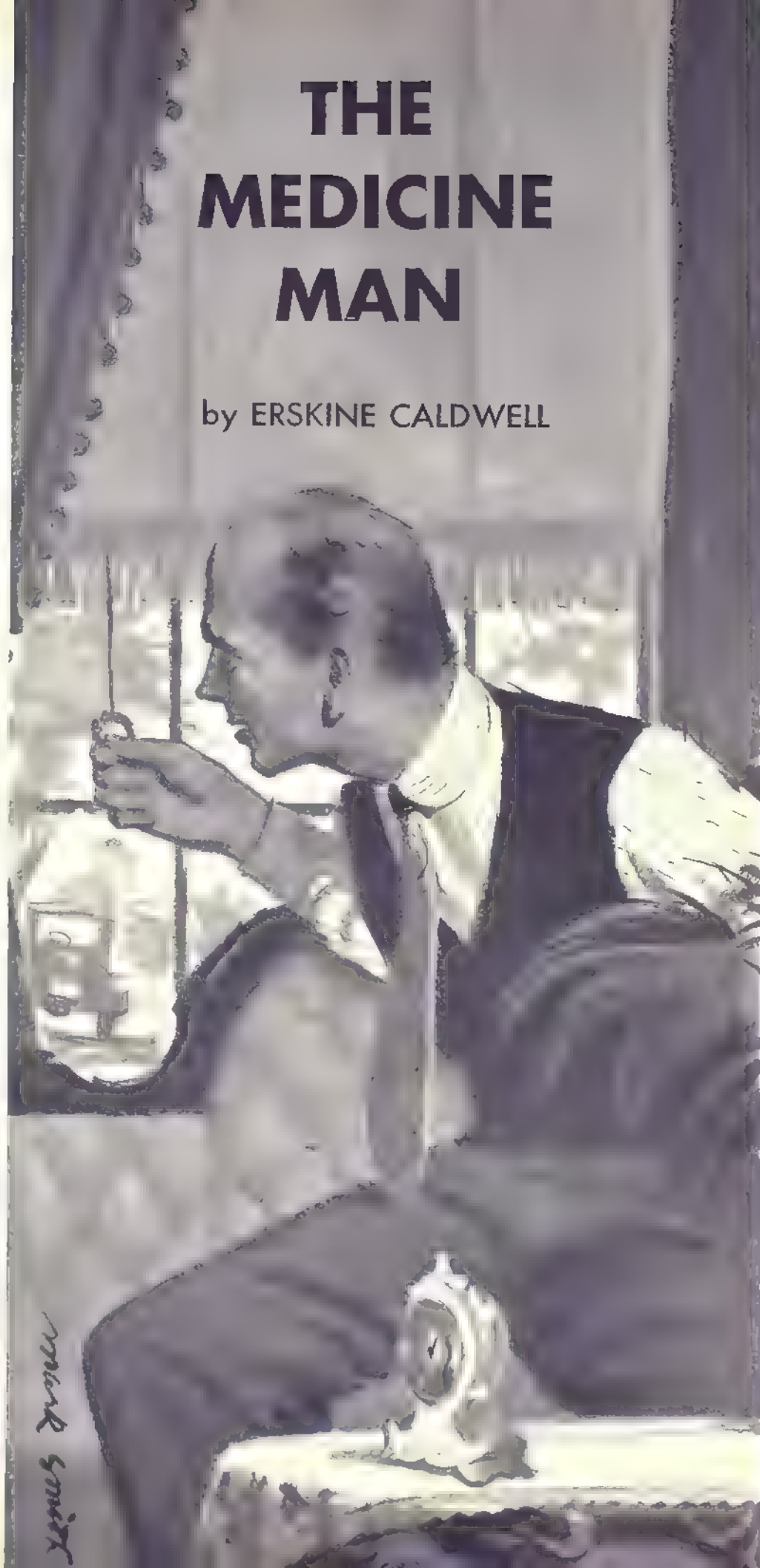
THERE was nobody in Rawley who believed that Effie Henderson would ever find a man to marry her, and Effie herself had just about given up hope. But that was before the traveling herb doctor came to town.

Professor Eaton was a tall, gaunt looking man with permanent, sewn-in creases in his trousers and a high celluloid collar around his neck. He may have been ten years older than Effie, or he may have been ten years younger, it was no more easy to judge his age than it was to determine by the accent of his speech from what section of the country he had originally come.

He drove into Rawley one hot dusty morning in mid-August, selling Indian Root Tonic. Indian Root Tonic was a beady, licorice-tasting cure-all in a fancy green-blown bottle. The bottle was wrapped in a black and white label, on which the most prominent feature was the photographic reproduction of a beefy man exhibiting his expanded chest and muscles and his postage-stamp wrestler's trunks. Professor Eaton declared, and challenged any man alive to deny his statement, that his Indian Root Tonic would cure any ailment known to man, and quite a few known only to women.

Effie Henderson was the first person in town to give him a dollar for a bottle, and the first to come back for the second one.

The stand that Professor Eaton had opened up was the back seat of his mud-spattered touring car. He had paid the mayor ten ragged one-dollar bills for a permit to do business in



"Of course I trust you, Professor Eaton," she said, "I know you wouldn't take advantage of a weak young girl like me."

Rawley, and he had parked his automobile in the middle of the weed-grown vacant lot behind the depot. He sold his medicine over the back seat of his car, lifting the green-blown bottles from a box at his feet as fast as the customers came up and laid down their dollars.

There had been a big crowd standing around in the weed-grown lot the evening before, but there were only a few people standing around him listening to his talk when Effie came back in the morning for her second bottle. Most of the persons there then were Negroes who did not have a dollar among them, but who had been attracted to the lot by the alcoholic fumes around the mud-caked automobile and who were willing to be convinced of Indian Root Tonic's marvelous curative powers. When Effie came up, the Negroes stepped aside, and stood at a distance watching Professor Eaton get ready to make another sale.

Effie walked up to the folded down top in front of Professor Eaton and laid down a worn dollar bill that was as limp as a piece of wet cheesecloth.

"I just had to come back this morning for another bottle," Effie said, smiling up at Professor Eaton. "The one I took last night made me feel better than I have ever felt before in all my life. There's not another medicine in the whole country like it, and I've tried them all. I reckon."

"Pardon me, madam," Professor Eaton said. "There are hundreds of preparations on the market today, but there is only one Indian Root Tonic. You will be doing me a great favor if you will hereafter refer to my aid-to-human-life by its true and trademarked name. Indian Root Tonic is the name of the one and only cure for ailments of any nature. It is particularly good for the mature woman, madam."

"You shouldn't call me 'madam,' Professor Eaton," Effie said, lowering her head. "I'm just a young and foolish girl, and I'm not married yet, either."

Professor Eaton wiped the perspiration from his upper lip and looked down at Effie.

"How utterly stupid of me, my dear young lady," he said. "Anyone can see by looking at your fresh young face that you are a mere girl. Indian Root Tonic is particularly good for the young maiden."

Effie turned around to see if any of the Negroes were close enough to hear what Professor Eaton had said. She hoped that some of the women who lived on her street would walk past the corner in time to hear Professor Eaton talk like that about her.

"I never like to talk about myself, but don't you think I am too young yet to get married, Professor Eaton?"

"My dear young lady," he continued after having paused long enough to re-light his

(continued on next page)

MEDICINE MAN (continued from page 13)

dead cigar, "Indian Root Tonic is particularly good for the unmarried girl. It is the greatest discovery known to medical science since the beginning of mankind. I personally secured the formula for this marvelous medicine from an old Indian chief out in our great and glorious West, and I was compelled to promise him on my bended knee that I would devote the remainder of my life to traveling over this great nation of ours offering Indian Root Tonic to men and women like you who would be helpless invalids without it."

He had to pause for a moment's breath. It was then that he looked down over the folded top and for the first time looked at Effie face to face. The evening before in the glare of the gasoline torch, when the lot was crowded with people pushing and shoving to get to the medicine stand before the special introductory offer was withdrawn, he had not had time to look at everyone who came up to hand him a dollar for a bottle. But now when he looked down and saw Effie, he leaned forward to stare at her.

"Oh, Professor Eaton," Effie said, "you are such a wonderful man! Just to think that you are doing such a great work in the world!"

Professor Eaton continued to stare at Effie. She was as good looking as the next girl in town, not over thirty, and when she fixed herself up, as she had done for nearly two hours that morning before leaving home, she usually had all the drummers in town for the day staring at her and asking the storekeepers who she was.

After a while Professor Eaton climbed down out of the back seat of his car and came around to the rear where she was. He relit his cold cigar, and inspected Effie more closely.

"You know, Professor Eaton, you shouldn't talk like that to me," she said, evading his eyes. "You really don't know me well enough yet to call me 'dear girl.' This is the first time we have been alone together, and—"

"Why! I didn't think that a beautiful young girl like you would seriously object to my honorable admiration," he said, looking her up and down and screwing up his mouth when she plucked at her blouse. "It's so seldom that I have the opportunity of seeing such a charming young girl that I must have lost momentarily all sense of discretion. But, now that we are fully acquainted with each other, I'm sure you won't object to my devoted admiration. Will you?"

"Oh, Professor Eaton," Effie said excitedly, "do you really and truly think I am beautiful? So many men have told me that before, I'm accustomed to hearing it frequently, but you are the first man to say it so thrillingly!"

She tried to step backward, but she

was already standing against the rear of the car. Professor Eaton moved another step closer, and there was no way for her to turn. She would not have minded that if she had not been so anxious to have a moment to look down at her blouse. She knew there must be something wrong, surely something had slipped under the waist, because Professor Eaton had not raised his eyes from her bosom since he got out of the car and came down beside her. She wondered then if she should not have confined herself when she dressed that morning, putting on all the undergarments she wore to church on Sunday morning.

"My dear girl, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind concerning your beauty. In fact, I think you are the most charming young girl it has been my good fortune to encounter during my many travels over this great country of ours—from coast to coast, from the Lakes to the Gulf."

"You make me feel so young and foolish, Professor Eaton!" Effie said, smoothing her shirtwaist over her bosom. "You make me feel like—"

Professor Eaton tuned abruptly and reached into the back seat for a bottle of Indian Root Tonic. He closed his teeth over the cork stopper and popped it out and, with no further loss of time handed it to Effie.

"Have this one on me, my dear girl," he said, "just drink it down, and then see if it doesn't make you feel even better still."

Effie took the green-blown bottle, looking at the picture of the strong man in wrestler's trunks.

"I drank the whole bottle I bought last night," she said. "I drank it just before going to bed, and it made me feel so good I just couldn't lie still. I had to get up and sit on the back porch and sing a while."

"There was never a more beneficial—"

"What particular ailment is the medicine good for, Professor Eaton?"

"Indian Root Tonic is good for whatever ails you. In fact, merely as a general conditioner it is supreme in its field. And then on the other hand, there is no complaint known to medical science that it has yet failed to alleviate to help."

Effie turned up the bottle and drank down the beady, licorice-tasting fluid, all eight ounces of it. The Negroes standing around the car looked on wistfully while the alcoholic fumes from the opened bottle drifted over the lot. Effie handed the empty bottle to Professor Eaton, after taking one last look at the picture on the label.

"Oh, Professor Eaton," she said, coming closer, "it makes me feel better already. I feel just like I was going to rise off the ground and fly away somewhere."

"Perhaps you would allow me—"

"To do what, Professor Eaton? What?"

He flicked the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger.

"Perhaps you would allow me to escort you to your home," he said. "Now, it's almost dinner-time, and I was just getting ready to close up my stand until the afternoon, so if you will permit me, I'll be very glad to drive you home in my automobile. Just tell me how to get there, and we'll start right away."

"You talk so romantic, Professor Eaton," Effie said, touching his arm with her hand. "You make me feel just like a foolish young girl around you."

"Then you will permit me to see you home?"

"Of course, I will."

"Step this way please," he said, holding open the door and taking her arm firmly in his grasp.

After they had settled themselves in the front seat, Effie turned around and looked at Professor Eaton.

"I'll bet you have had just lots and lots of love affairs with young girls like me all over the country."

"On the contrary," he said, starting the motor, "this is the first time I have ever given my serious consideration to one of your sex. You see, I apply myself faithfully to the promotion, distribution, and sale of Indian Root Tonic. But this occasion, of course, draws me willingly from the cares of business. In fact, I consider your presence in my car a great honor. I have often wished that I might—"

"And am I the first young girl—the first young woman you ever courted?"

"Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely."

Professor Eaton drove out of the vacant weed-grown lot and turned the car up the street toward Effie's house. She lived only two blocks away, and during the time it took them to drive that distance neither of them spoke. Effie was busy looking out to see if people were watching her ride with Professor Eaton in his automobile, and he was busily engaged in steering through the deep white sand in the street. When they got there, Effie told him to park the machine in front of the gate where they could step out and walk directly into the house.

They got out and Effie led the way through the front door and into the parlor. She raised one of the shades a few inches and dusted off the sofa.

Professor Eaton stood near the middle of the room, looking uneasily through the small opening under the shade, and listening intently for sounds elsewhere in the house.

"Just sit down here on the sofa beside me," Effie said. "I know I am perfectly safe alone with you, Professor Eaton."

Effie closed her eyes and allowed herself the pleasure of feeling scared to death of Professor Eaton. It was an even nicer *(continued in overleaf)*

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MILLIONS of cigarette smokers are beginning to wonder whether or not they may be needing a treatment after the treat. A series of experiments with white mice has substantiated what a good many scientists have long suspected — there is a definite correlation between cigarette smoking and cancer of the lungs.

The worry over what this news may do to cigarette sales in 1954 would probably have tobacco tycoons chain smoking if they weren't concerned about their own health.

Actually the cigarette manufacturers brought the subject up in the first place. Though *Old Gold* tried to reverse the trend by talking about being "tobacco men, not medicine men," and "cutting just one thing, the world's best tobacco," the great majority of the cigarette companies kept pushing the idea that, unlike most other cigarettes, their brand screens out irritants, guards against smoke scratch, or has no adverse effect on the nose, throat and sinuses. *Pall Mall* popularized the king size cigarette, not by plugging the fact that you get more tobacco for your money, but suggesting that "puff for puff" the longer cigarette filters out more irritating smoke.

cigarette consumption in over twenty years.

"It's defensive advertising that's doing it," said market specialist Phil Hedrick of the North Carolina agriculture department at a recent North Carolina tobacco growers convention. "Instead of saying that cigarettes relax you, comfort you, and soothe the nerves, they deny that their brand will give you a disease. TV has made it much worse. They blow smoke in a test tube and all that sort of stuff. I don't think folks paid much attention to it over the radio, but it scares hell out of them on TV."

"It still seems a little odd," editorialized the *Raleigh News & Observer*, "that those who most emphasize the possible bad effects of cigarettes on people are the cigarette manufacturers themselves."

More than a little miffed by *Kent's* advertising, Liggett & Myers (*Chesterfield*) brought out a competing brand, named it *L & M*, and began promoting the idea that it not only did a better job of screening out the impurities in tobacco, but their specially patented filter was, itself, purer than the "mineral" filter used by an unnamed, but easily recognizable, competing brand.

about the possibilities of this medical approach. A few scientists had to go and put in their unsolicited two cents worth. There is an ingredient in all cigarettes, regular, king size, filter tipped and the rest, they said, that can cause lung cancer. In laboratory tests, they had applied the tars from cigarette smoke to the skins of white mice and produced cancer. Other doctors, charting the disturbing rise in lung cancer over the last twenty years, saw a cause-and-effect relationship in the similar rise in cigarette consumption during the same period. After the age of forty-five, they estimate a heavy smoker's chances of contracting lung cancer are fifty times greater than a non-smoker's, and anyone who smokes a pack a day is rated a "heavy" smoker.

Scientists haven't been able to isolate and identify the trouble-making ingredient yet, but they do know that cigar and pipe smokers don't have the same high cancer correlation. This is probably due, not to a difference in ingredients, but the fact pipe and cigar smokers don't inhale deeply as most cigarette smokers do.

The tobacco industry's first reaction to the reports was no reaction at all, but the newspapers and national mag-

TOBACCOLAND

Some mice have just scared the hell out of cigarette manufacturers.

ARTICLE

But it was *Kent* and their "Micro-nite" filter that really threw the industry a curve last year. Jonathan Blake kept showing up on television and in double-page magazine ads smoking five different brands through a special glass apparatus that left big, brown stains on a sheet of paper. Smokers were supposed to notice that *Kent's* stain wasn't quite as big or brown as those left by brands A, B, C, and D, but some smokers were apparently sufficiently impressed by the demonstration to forget about smoking entirely. 1953 marked the first drop in U. S.

This offers a whole new approach to the cigarette companies' health campaigns, i.e., "If our competitor's tobacco doesn't get you, his filter may."

Viceroy, meanwhile, claimed the only way to get real protection was to combine a filter tip with the filtering action of a king size cigarette (*Kent* and *L & M* are both regular length). What's more, *Viceroy* had graphs showing nicotine and tars to prove it; they were almost as impressive and/or frightening as *Kent's* big, brown stains.

Then, just when the cigarette people were really beginning to get excited

azines gave the news too much attention to be ignored very long. In January the industry made a joint statement in full page newspaper advertisements throughout the country. This "Frank Statement To Cigarette Smokers" took, understandably enough, a rather dim view of the whole cigarette-cancer idea; the reader was left with the suspicion that the only thing the tests proved was that white mice shouldn't smoke. The manufacturers questioned the conclusions drawn from the tests, the correlations cited, the validity of sta- (continued on page 43)

MEDICINE MAN (continued from page 14)

feeling than the one she had had the night before when she drank the first bottle of Indian Root Tonic and got into bed.

"And this is the ancestral home?" he asked.

"Don't let's talk about anything but you—and me," Effie said. "Wouldn't you just like to talk about us?"

Professor Eaton began to feel more at ease, now that it was evident that they were alone in the house.

"Perhaps," Professor Eaton said, sitting closer to Effie and looking down once more at her blouse, "perhaps you will permit me to diagnose your complaint. You see, I am well versed in the medical science, and I can tell you how many bottles of Indian Root Tonic you should use in your particular case. Naturally, some people require a greater number of bottles than others do."

Effie glanced out the window for a second, and then she turned to Professor Eaton.

"I won't have to—"

"Oh, no," he said, "that won't be at all necessary, though you may do as you like about it. I can just—"

"Are you sure it's perfectly all right, Professor Eaton?"

"Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely."

Effie smoothed her shirtwaist with her hands and pushed her shoulders forward. Professor Eaton bent towards her, reaching for her hand.

He held her hand for a few seconds, feeling her pulse, and then dropped it to press his ear against her bosom to listen to her heartbeat. While he listened, Effie tucked up a few strands of hair that had fallen over her temples.

"Perhaps," he said, raising his head momentarily, "perhaps if you will merely—"

"Of course, Professor Eaton," Effie said excitedly.

He bent closer after she had fumbled nervously with the blouse and pressed his head against her breasts. Her heart-beat jarred his eardrum.

After a while Professor Eaton sat up and loosened the knot in his necktie and wiped the perspiration from his upper lip with the back of his hand. It was warm in the room, and there was no ventilation with the door closed.

"Perhaps I have already told you—"

"Oh, no! You haven't told me!" she said eagerly, holding her hands tightly clasped and looking down at herself with bated breath. "Please go ahead and tell me, Professor Eaton!"

"Perhaps," he said, fingering the open needlework in her blouse, "perhaps you would like to know that Indian Root Tonic is the only complete aid for general health on the market today. And in addition to its general curative properties, Indian Root Tonic possesses the virtues most

women find themselves in need of during the middle and later stages of life. In other words, it imparts a vital force to the glands that are in most need of new vitality. I am sure that once you discover for yourself the marvelous power of rejuvenation that Indian Root Tonic possesses, you will never again be alone in the house without it. In fact, I can say without fear of successful contradiction that—"

Effie laid her blouse aside.

"Do you want me to take—"

"Oh, yes; by all means," he replied hastily. "Now, as I was saying—"

"And this, too, Professor Eaton? This, too?"

Professor Eaton reached over and pinched her lightly. Effie giggled and passed her hands over her bosom as though she were smoothing her shirtwaist.

"I don't suppose you happen to have another bottle of that tonic in your pocket, do you, Professor Eaton?"

"I'm afraid I haven't," he said, "but just outside in my car there are several cases full. If you'll let me, I'll step out and—"

"Oh, no!" Effie cried, clutching at his arms and pulling him back beside her. "Oh, Professor Eaton, don't leave me now!"

"Very well," he said, sitting down beside her once more. "And now as I was saying, Indian Root Tonic's supernatural powers of re—"

"Professor Eaton, do you want me to take off all of this—like this?"

"Absolutely," he said. "And Indian Root Tonic has never been known to fail, whereas in so many—"

"You don't want me to leave anything—"

"Of course not. Being a doctor of the medical science, in addition to my many other activities, I need absolute freedom. Now, if you feel that you cannot place yourself entirely in my hands, perhaps it would be better if I—"

"Oh, please don't go!" Effie cried, pulling him back to the sofa beside her. "You know I have complete confidence in your abilities, Professor Eaton. I know you wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't do what?" he asked, looking down at her again.

"Oh, Professor Eaton! I'm just a young girl!"

"Well, he said, "if you are ready to place yourself entirely in my hands, I can proceed with my diagnosis. Otherwise—"

"I was only teasing you, Professor Eaton!" Effie said, squeezing his hand. "Of course, I trust you. You are such a strong man, and I know you wouldn't take advantage of a weak young girl like me. If you didn't take care of me, I'd more than likely run away with myself."

"Absolutely," he said. "Now, if you will continue removing the—"

"There is only this left, Professor Eaton," Effie said. "Are you sure it will be all right?"

"Absolutely."

"But I feel so—so bare, Professor Eaton."

"'Tis only natural to feel like that," he said, comforting her. "A young girl who has never before experienced the—"

"Experienced the what?"

"Well—as I was saying—"

"You make me feel so funny, Professor Eaton. And are you sure—"

"Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely." I've never felt like this before. It feels like—"

"Just place yourself completely in my hands, my dear young girl, and I promise nothing will—"

Without warning the parlor door was thrown open and Effie's brother, Burke, came in. Burke was the town marshall.

"Is dinner ready, Effie?" Burke asked, standing in the doorway and trying to accustom his eyes to the near-darkness of the parlor. "It's a quarter after twelve and—"

Burke stopped in the midst of what he was saying and stared at Effie and Professor Eaton. Effie screamed and pushed Professor Eaton away from her. He got up and stood beside Effie and the sofa, looking first at Burke and then at Effie. He did not know what to do. Effie reached for the things she had thrown aside. Professor Eaton bent down and picked up something and threw it at her.

The room suddenly appeared to Professor Eaton to be as bright as day.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Burke said, coming slowly across the floor. His holster hung from his right hip, and it swung heavily as he swayed from step to step. "I'll be damned!"

Professor Eaton stood first on one foot and then on the other. He was between Effie and her brother, and he knew of no way by which he could change his position in the room. He wished to get as far away from Effie as he possibly could. Until she had dressed herself he hoped he would not be forced to look at her.

Burke stepped forward and pushed Professor Eaton aside. He looked at Effie and at the herb doctor, but he gave no indication of what he intended doing.

Professor Eaton shifted the weight of his body to his other foot, and Burke's hand dropped to the top of the holster, his fingers feeling for the pearl handle that protruded from it.

Effie snapped a safety-pin and ran between Burke and Professor Eaton. She was still not completely dressed, but she was fully covered.

"What are you going to do, Burke?" she cried.

"That all depends on what the professor is going to do," Burke said, still fingering the pearl handle on the pistol. "What is the professor going to do?" *(continued on page 47)*



*"Miss Cummings is out, but if you'd care to come
in anyway, I think I know what to do."*

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 10)

in] It was two o'clock in the morning. Was it only an hour ago, Clarisse McClellan in the street, and him coming in, and the dark room and his foot kicking the little crystal bottle? Only an hour, but the world had melted down and sprung up in a new and colorless form.

Laughter blew across the moon colored lawn from the house of Clarisse and her father and mother and the uncle who smiled so quietly and so earnestly. Above all, their laughter was relaxed and hearty and not forced in any way, coming from the house that was so brightly lit this late at night while all the other houses were kept to themselves in darkness. Montag heard the voices talking, talking, talking, giving, talking, weaving, reweaving their hypnotic web.

Montag moved out through the French windows and crossed the lawn, without even thinking of it. He stood outside the talking house in the shadows, thinking he might even tap on their door and whisper, "Let me come in. I won't say anything. I just want to listen. What is it you're saying?"

But instead he stood there, very cold, his face a mask of ice, listening to a man's voice (the uncle?) moving along at an easy pace:

"Well, after all, this is the age of the disposable tissue. Blow your nose on a person, wad them, flush them away, reach for another, blow, wad, flush. Everyone using everyone else's coattails. How are you supposed to root for the home team when you don't even have a program or know the names? For that matter, what color jerseys are they wearing as they trot out on the field?"

Montag moved back to his own house, left the window wide, checked Mildred, tucked the covers about her carefully, and then lay down with the moonlight on his cheekbones and on the frowning ridges in his brow, with the moonlight distilled in each eye to form a silver cataract there.

One drop of rain. Clarisse. Another drop. Mildred. A third. The uncle. A fourth. The fire tonight. One, Clarisse. Two, Mildred. Three, Uncle. Four, fire. One, Mildred, two Clarisse. One, two, three, four, five, Clarisse, Mildred, uncle, fire, sleeping tablets, men disposable tissue, coattails, blow, wad, flush, Clarisse, Mildred, uncle, fire, tablets, tissues, blow, wad, flush. One, two, three, one, two, three! Rain. The storm. The uncle laughing. Thunder falling downstairs. The whole world pouring down. The fire gushing up in a volcano. All rushing on down around in a spouting roar and rivering stream toward morning.

"I don't know anything any more," he said, and let a sleep-lozenge dissolve on his tongue.

At nine in the morning, Mildred's bed was empty.

Montag got up quickly, his heart pumping, and ran down the hall and stopped at the kitchen door.

Toast popped out of the silver toaster, was seized by a spidery metal hand that drenched it with melted butter.

Mildred watched the toast delivered to her plate. She had both ears plugged with electronic bees that were humming the hour away. She looked up suddenly, saw him and nodded.

"You all right?" he asked.

She was an expert at lip reading from ten years of apprenticeship at Seashell ear-thimbles. She nodded again. She set the toaster clicking away at another piece of bread.

Montag sat down.

His wife said, "I don't know *why* I should be so hungry."

"You —"

"I'm hungry."

"Last night," he began.

"Didn't sleep well. feel terrible," she said. "God," I'm hungry. I can't figure it."

"Last night —" he said again.

She watched his lips casually. "What about last night?"

"Don't you remember?"

"What? Did we have a wild party or something? Feel like I've a hang-over. God, I'm hungry. Who was here?"

"A few people," he said.

"That's what I thought." She chewed her toast. "Sore stomach, but I'm hungry as all get-out. Hope I didn't do anything foolish at the party."

"No," he said, quietly.

The toaster spidered out a piece of buttered bread for him. He held it in his hand, feeling obligated.

"You don't look so hot yourself," said his wife.

In the late afternoon it rained and the entire world was dark gray. He stood in the hall of his house, putting on his badge with the orange salamander burning across it. He stood looking up at the air-conditioning vent in the hall for a long time. His wife in the TV parlor paused long enough from reading her script to glance up. "Hey," she said. "The man's thinking!"

"Yes," he said. "I wanted to talk to you." He paused. "You took all the pills in your bottle last night."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," she said, surprised.

"The bottle was empty."

"I wouldn't do a thing like that. Why would I do a thing like that?" she said.

"Maybe you took two pills and forgot and took two more, and forgot again and took two more, and were so dopey you kept right on until you

had thirty or forty of them in you."

"Heck," she said, "what would I want to go and do a silly thing like that for?"

"I don't know," he said.

She was quite obviously waiting for him to go. "I didn't do that," she said. Never in a billion years."

"All right if you say so," he said.

"That's what the lady said." She turned back to her script.

"What's on this afternoon?" he asked, tiredly.

She didn't look up from the script again. "Well, this is a play comes on the wall to wall circuit in ten minutes. They mailed me my part this morning. I sent in some box tops. They write the script with one part missing. It's a new idea. The homemaker, that's me, is the missing part. When it comes time for the missing lines, they all look at me out of the three walls and I say the lines. Here, for instance, the man says, 'What do you think of this whole idea, Helen?' And he looks at me sitting here center stage, see? And I say, I say—" She paused and ran her finger under a line on the script. "I think that's fine!" And then they go on with the play until he says, 'Do you agree to that, Helen?' and I say, 'I sure do!' Isn't that fun, Guy?"

He stood in the hall looking at her.

"It's sure fun," she said.

"What's the play about?"

"I just told you. There are these people named Bob and Ruth and Helen."

"Oh."

"It's really fun. It'll be even more fun when we can afford to have the fourth wall installed. How long you figure before we save up and get the fourth wall torn out and a fourth wall TV put in? It's only two thousand dollars."

"That's one-third of my yearly pay."

"It's only two thousand dollars," she replied. "And I should think you'd consider me sometimes. If we had a fourth wall, why it'd be just like this room wasn't ours at all, but all kinds of exotic people's rooms. We could do without a few things."

"We're already doing without a few things to pay for the third wall. It was put in only two months ago, remember?"

"Is that all it was?" She sat looking at him for a long moment. Well, good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye," he said. He stopped and turned around. "Does it have a happy ending?"

"I haven't read that far."

He walked over, read the last page, nodded, folded the script, and handed it back to her. He walked out of the house into the rain.

The rain was thinning away and the girl was walking in the center of the sidewalk with her head up and the few drops falling on her face. She smiled when she saw Montag.

"Hello!" (continued on page 24)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

He drank with curvy Mabel,
The pace was fast and furious.
He slid beneath the table—
Not drunk, but merely curious.

When a French Lady Representative managed to close all the brothels in France after the war, they promptly opened up again as private clubs. Shortly afterwards an elderly gentleman, unaware of the change, knocked at the door of one of the "clubs." Having been instructed to maintain the impression that he was working for a private club, the doorman first asked: "Active member?"

"I hope so," the old man replied.

A young man was out on a first date with a rather flat-chested girl. The evening ended on the sofa in the young lady's parlor. The boy put his arm around her and made a few preliminary passes.

The girl stiffened indignantly "Here, here!" she exclaimed "Where, where?" he replied

The young man addressed his prospective father-in-law: "Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

"I'm afraid, son," the older man replied, "that you couldn't support her in the manner to which she is accustomed."

"Your daughter and I have talked it over, and she has consented to live on what I earn."

"That's fine. But remember that after awhile a little one may come along, and that will mean added expense."

"Well, that's true, sir," the youth agreed, "but we've been lucky so far."



"Good heavens, Doctor! What a terrific bill," the patient protested.

"My dear fellow," the doctor replied, "if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it proceed to a postmortem, you wouldn't complain at a bill three times as big as this."

"That man made love to me, Judge," said the plaintiff in the breach of promise suit. "He promised to marry me, and then he married another woman. He broke my heart and I want \$10,000."

She got it

The next case was a damage suit brought by a woman who had been run over by an automobile and had three ribs broken. She was awarded \$300.

Moral: Don't break their hearts, kick 'em in the ribs.

The old bull's active days were over, but the kindly farmer permitted him to stay on in the pasture with the cows. Of course, the farmer also turned a young bull loose in the field and the newcomer went to work immediately. Seeing this, the old bull began snorting and pawing the ground with his hoof.

"You're wasting your time," said the farmer. "You're too old for that sort of thing now."

"I know," said the bull, "but I can show him I'm not a cow, can't I?"

The romantic young man sat on the park bench with a first date. He was certain his charming words and manner would win her as they had so many others.

"Some moon out tonight," he cooed.

"There certainly is," she agreed.

"Some really bright stars in the sky."

She nodded.

"Some dew on the grass."

"Some do," she said indignantly, "but I'm not that sort!"

The two television actors feigned friendship, but secretly hated each other's guts, and took great pleasure in giving one another the needle on any and all occasions. This particular evening they met, quite by accident, at a popular bar just off Broadway. The conversation started innocently enough, then one, with sudden inspiration, ran his hand over the other's bald head, and exclaimed: "By God, Fred, that feels just like my wife's *derriere*!"

The other ran his own hand over his head, and nonchalantly retorted: "Well I'll be damned, Jim, so it does, so it does!"

TO understand yourself, you must understand the workings of the Human Mind in the Head.

Let us take up first the allegedly "normal" Human Mind, starting with the over-all picture. I have drawn this picture, showing the entire central nervous system of the average male and the internal parts of the body that relate to it (Figure I).

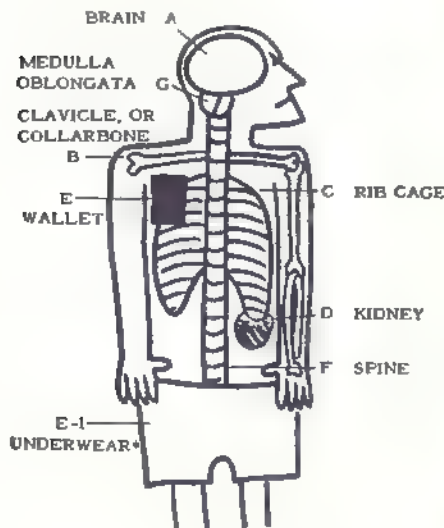


FIGURE I

*In anatomy class we had lady instructors.

Because of its central location we shall consider first the spine (F). I'm sure all spine lovers will be pleased when I state categorically that the spine is the most important part of the central nervous system.*

At the top the spine is connected firmly with the base of the brain. At the bottom the spine disappears into the underwear. If it were not for the spine, people would be pretty flabby, and if they sat down too quickly at dinner their heads would fall forward into the soup.

The spine was originally discovered by an early Greek doctor and amateur anatomist named Vertebrae Anaxius.** Vertebrae discovered the spine entirely by accident. One afternoon his nurse came to work wearing a bare-midriff sheet, and in the spirit of camaraderie he slipped his arm around her waist, put his hand on her back, and there it was (the spine).

During the next few months Vertebrae spent many pleasant hours verify-

*At the Neuropathologists' Convention in 1948 a Dr. Carl Gassoway insisted on submitting a paper in which he said that the medulla oblongata was the most important part of the central nervous system. There is nothing to be said for this idiotic statement.

**Patented 280 B.C. by V. Anaxius, Athens, Greece. No. VXXIII'XIV. Later reports that the spine was discovered by a Russian named Molochew were politically inspired and entirely false.

ing his original impressions and was well on his way to several other important discoveries when his experiments were brought to an abrupt close by an ugly scene with the nurse's husband. However, despite these distractions, Vertebrae did ascertain that the spine is not one long continuous bone, but a series of small segments held together by flexible cartilage. Vertebrae

about inside the mustard jar, and after waiting a few minutes it sends another message up through the spine to the brain, saying, "It's pretty easy for you to say, 'Don't bother me; I'm busy,' but I'm the one that's stuck, and, I think one should have a little consideration for others."

And then it sends another message and another and another

Your Mind and How It Works

HUMOR

by Roger Price

a scientific treatise on the psychology of man,
with interpretive drawings by the author.

and his associates spent years and all their funds in various public places, identifying and naming these segments, and today, 2200 years later, in memory of his work, we still refer to these segments as "joints."

The spine is connected to the most unlikely parts of the body. It is connected by means of "nerves." These nerves carry messages to the brain. This is the spine's chief function and it is especially important in times of Emergency. To illustrate: suppose a typical Emergency arises. Say, for instance, you get your elbow stuck in a mustard jar.



FIGURE II

Normal Elbow

Elbow Stuck In Mustard Jar
(French Medium Dark)

Immediately, the elbow sends a message to the spine and up through the spine, past the collarbone, past the T-zone, right up to the brain.

The message says, "Help, I'm stuck in a mustard jar! Roger. Over. Elbow." But the brain, as we shall learn a bit later, has more important things to worry about, so it sends a message back, saying, "Don't bother me; I'm busy. Over and out." Then it ignores the whole situation.

This, naturally, induces a state of irritability in the elbow. The elbow begins to fidget and mutter and shift

These messages, unanswered, begin to pile up at the base of the brain around the medulla oblongata (G, on Figure I), and they form a block.

This block interferes with the activity of the central nervous system (although the medulla oblongata is a very important part of same) and can lead to several unpopular mental malfunctions; i.e., Water on the Brain. (Taken up in a few paragraphs. Don't look ahead, but read this part first. Unless you have Water on the Brain, in which case look ahead right away.)

Now that we have the proper background, we can take up the brain directly. Here we have a detailed drawing of the Average Male Head, with the Average Male Nose, the Average Male Chin, and the Average Male Brain.

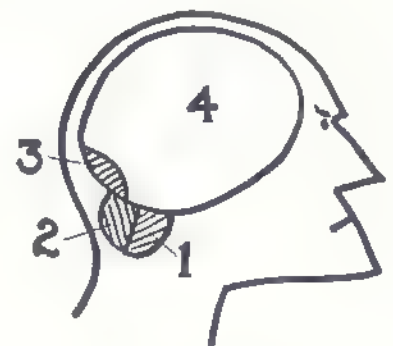


FIGURE III

Sectional Drawing Of Average
Male Head

You will notice that the male brain is divided into four basic parts, or "regions." They are:

1. Olfactory
2. Sensory
3. Auditory
4. Jane Russell

The term "Jane Russell," which is used to designate Part 4 (which may be broken down into two subclassifications), will quickly be recognized as the real cause of all that trouble between brain and elbow during the late unpleasantness (medium dark). Part 4 also enjoys a predominate position in the brain, taking up 92% of its total area. As you can see, this messes up the balance.

This state of imbalance in the male brain occasionally leads to various eccentricities such as marriage and shaving.

THE FEMALE

I think I can safely state that I have a deep and accurate understanding of the female nervous system and its reactions under emotional stress. I have devoted many hours to gaining this understanding, and I don't regret a single dollar of it. I have discovered that females are shorter, rounder, and prettier than males. They are shyer, more sensitive, and friendlier. They also have an unduly suspicious nature and are frequently obsessed with the disgusting idea that they "must get in early."

Below, I have made a sectional drawing of an Average Female Head with the Average Female Hair-do, Nose, and Chin, and the Average Female Brain.

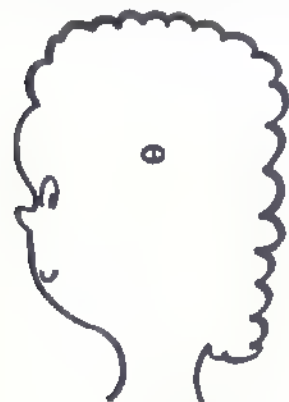


FIGURE IV

Average Female Head

If you study the drawing carefully, you will see that the female brain is slightly smaller and less complex than the male brain. The female brain is divided into only two parts: (1) dollars and (2) cents.

However, it has been proved that the size of the brain has no connection with intelligence, and the female brain, while smaller, is much more active than the male brain. Especially when it comes to influencing the male brain after 8:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

For some time I have been conducting a long-range series of tests to determine the intelligence of a number of females representing a cross section of their sex.

Summed up, here are the results to date.

	Adaptability	Evasiveness	Expense of Tests
Blondes	0	100	\$ 85 50
Brunettes	0	100	\$ 40 09
Divorcees	10	90	\$ 16 03
Miss Patricia			
Deary	100	0	\$ 2890 70*
Eskimos	0	200	3 lbs Raw Salm. in

*Amortized over two year period

The conclusive nature of these results leaves no doubt as to the energy inherent in the female brain.

In addition to her brain the female is abetted in her ability to influence the male brain by a well-developed central nervous system of her own. (See Figure V.)

I went to a lot of trouble and expense to make this drawing (\$2890.70, amortized over a two-year period, to be exact), and I haven't had time to do too much technical research. However, from this diagram we can see that the female nervous system is capable of taking care of itself.

It is, as a matter of fact, part of our American tradition to give credit to feminine intelligence as a stabilizing and guiding force in all of man's endeavors. This is ridiculous.

NOW that we know something about the physical structure of the Human Mind, let's see what happens when something goes wrong, as it is certain to, these days.

I like to compare the mind to a delicately adjusted piece of machinery that is turning out little beer can openers. And I think of *thoughts* as the little beer-can openers, popping out of the machine. When the machine starts turning out bent beer-can openers, or rusty beer-can openers, then something has gone haywire with the machine. When a person's mind stops turning out perfect beer-can openers, then that person is well on the way to becoming *Copeless* (defined as the inability to cope with life). And he is also likely to wind up with a household of beer cans that he is unable to open.

A fine example of what can happen to the mind when such a situation arises is illustrated by the case of Thomas Alva Edison, who suffered from Water on the Brain, a condition peculiar to males.

CASE OF THOMAS ALVA EDISON *

When Thomas Alva Edison was born, he was a normal, healthy child, but his mother always thought he was sickly. There was nothing wrong with him.

*A fictitious name used to protect real identity of patient

but she was constantly taking his temperature. Whenever she thought of it she would shove a thermometer in his mouth. Thomas kept chewing the ends of the thermometers and swallowing the mercury. In five years Thomas swallowed the mercury out of 231 thermometers. Then, when he was six years old, they had a very warm summer. In two weeks Thomas was nine

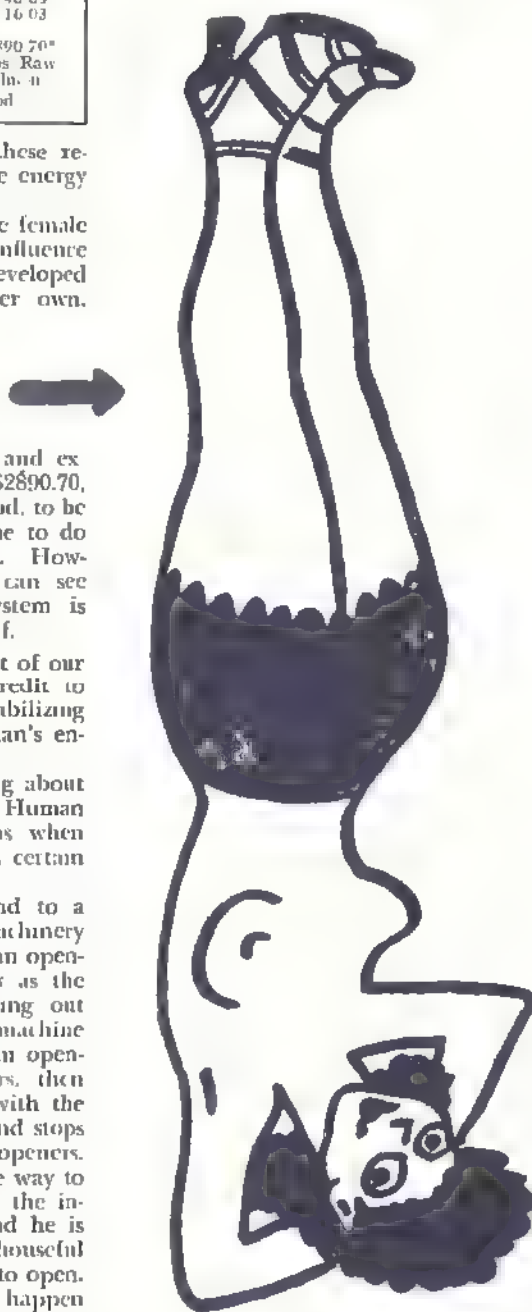


FIGURE V

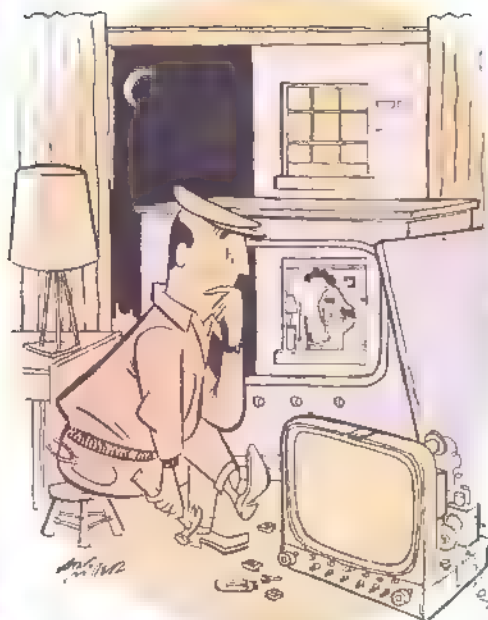
Female Nervous System

feet tall.

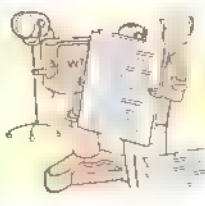
He was nine feet tall, but he only weighed forty-three pounds. He was so tall and thin that whenever he got into the bathtub he had to coil, which he considered undignified. He soon began to brood and fret, and in no time at all (fourteen years) he wound up in my office. (continued on page 45)



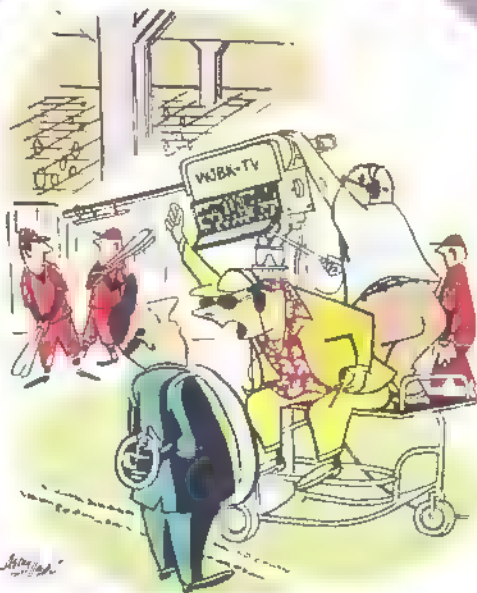
"One more slip like that dearie,
and back to Minsky's."



"Cynthia, darling. . ."



". . . I love you!"

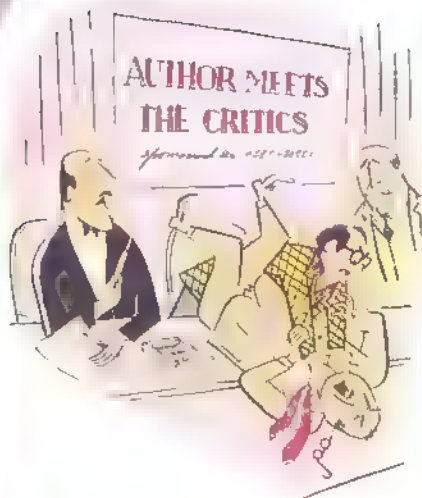


"Be more convincing! You're mad,
see, you've lost a decision—the
crowd is jeering—people are throw-
ing bottles. . ."

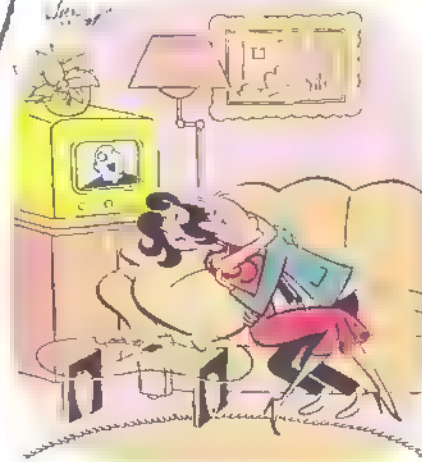
LESS than a decade ago, a wooden box about the size of an orange crate moved into bars throughout the U. S., then into the American home, and promptly changed the living habits of a nation.

No one disputes the simple fact that television has had a greater influence on our society than the atom bomb. The magic box with its many knobs and blurry picture is the best invention for keeping the old man home nights since the discovery of sex—it has broadened our vision (from 10" to 21" in our own case), increased our vocabularies (the word "humility" now has new meaning for all of us), improved our architecture (those modern TV antennas make a house look smart as hell), and would have ruined the popcorn industry if a smart promotion man hadn't suggested eating the stuff while wearing cardboard glasses.

PLAYBOY cartoonist Arv Miller knows all about TV. He has been in and around television studios since they first started operating, was connected with what was once reverently referred to as the "Chicago School" of TV, was one of the very first to draw cartoons via video. Now he has done up a number of very humorous drawings on the subject, embellished them with equally entertaining text, and had them published as a book titled *TV or not TV* by Blue Horizon Publishers. The book pokes fun at every phase of the industry from producers, actors and directors in the studio to the home viewers and the boys who repair their sets. PLAYBOY presents on these pages several of the cartoons that we found especially amusing.



"Do I take it then, Mr. Chadwick, you disagree with Professor Van Allen's review of your book?"



THE MAGIC BOX

Arv Miller

FAHRENHEIT 451

(continued from page 18)



He said hello and then said, "What are you up to now?"

"I'm still crazy. The rain feels good. I love to walk in it."

"I don't think I'd like that," he said.

"You might if you tried."

"I never have."

She licked her lips. "Rain even tastes good."

"What do you do, go around trying everything once?" he asked.

"Sometimes twice." She looked at something in her hand.

"What've you got there?" he said.

"I guess it's the last of the dandelions this year. I didn't think I'd find one on the lawn this late. Have you ever heard of rubbing it under your chin? Look." She touched her chin with the flower, laughing.

"Why?"

"If it rubs off, it means I'm in love. Has it?"

He could hardly do anything else but look.

"Well?" she said.

"You're yellow under there."

"Fine! Let's try you now."

"It won't work for me."

"Here." Before he could move she had put the dandelion under his chin. He drew back and she laughed. "Hold still!"

She peered under his chin and frowned.

"Well?" he said.

"What a shame," she said. "You're not in love with anyone."

"Yes, I am!"

"It doesn't show."

"I am, very much in love!" He tried to conjure up a face to fit the words, but there was no face. "I am!"

"Oh, please don't look that way."

"It's that dandelion," he said.

"You've used it all up on yourself. That's why it won't work for me."

"Of course, that must be it. Oh now I've upset you, I can see I have; I'm sorry, really I am." She touched his elbow.

"No, no," he said, quickly. "I'm all right."

"I've got to be going, so say you forgive me, I don't want you angry with me."

"I'm not angry. Upset, yes."

"I've got to go see my psychiatrist now. They make me go. I make up things to say. I don't know what he thinks of me. He says I'm a regular onion! I keep him busy peeling away the layers."

"I'm inclined to believe you need the psychiatrist," said Montag.

"You don't mean that."

He took a breath and let it out and at last said, "No, I don't mean that."

"The psychiatrist wants to know why I go out and hike around in the forests and watch the birds and collect butterflies. I'll show you my collection some day."

"Good."

"They want to know what I do with all my time. I tell them that sometimes I just sit and *think*. But I won't tell them what I've got them running. And sometimes, I tell them, I like to put my head back, like this, and let the rain fall in my mouth. It tastes just like wine. Have you ever tried it?"

"No, I -"

"You *have* forgiven me, haven't you?"

"Yes." He thought about it. "Yes, I have. God knows why. You're peculiar, you're aggravating, yet you're easy to forgive. You say you're seventeen?"

"Well—next month."

"How odd. How strange. And my wife thirty and yet you seem so much older at times. I can't get over it."

"You're peculiar yourself, Mr. Montag. Sometimes I even forget you're a fireman. Now, may I make you angry again?"

"Go ahead."

"How did it start? How did you get into it? How did you pick your work and how did you happen to think to take the job you have? You're not like the others. I've seen a few; I *know*. When I talk, you look at me. When I said something about the moon, you looked at the moon, last night. The others would never do that. The others would walk off and leave me talking. Or threaten me. No one has time any more for anyone else. You're one of the few who put up with me. That's why I think it's so strange you're a fireman, it just doesn't seem right for you, somehow."

He felt his body divide itself into a hotness and a coldness, a softness and a hardness, a trembling and a not trembling, the two halves grinding one upon the other.

"You'd better run on to your appointment," he said.

And she ran off and left him standing there in the rain. Only after a long time did he move.

And then, very slowly, as he walked, he tilted his head back in the rain, for just a few moments, and opened his mouth. . . .

The Mechanical Hound slept but did not sleep, lived but did not live in its gently humming, gently vibrating, softly illuminated kennel back in a dark corner of the firehouse. The dim light of one in the morning, the moonlight from the open sky framed

through the great window, touched here and there on the brass and the copper and the steel of the faintly trembling beast. Light flickered on bits of ruby glass and on sensitive capillary hairs in the Nylon-brushed nostrils of the creature that quivered gently, gently, its eight legs spidered under it on rubber-padded paws.

Montag slid down the brass pole. He went out to look at the city and the clouds had cleared away completely, and he lit a cigarette and came back to bend down and look at the Hound. It was like a great bee come home from some field where the honey is full of poison wildness, of insanity and nightmare, its body crammed with that over-rich nectar and now it was sleeping the evil out of itself.

"Hello," whispered Montag, fascinated as always with the dead beast, the living beast.

Nights when things got dull, which was every night, the men slid down the brass poles, and set the ticking combinations of the olfactory system of the Hound and let loose rats in the firehouse areaway, and sometimes chickens, and sometimes cats that would have to be drowned anyway, and there would be betting to see which of the cats or chickens or rats the Hound would seize first. The animals were turned loose. Three seconds later the game was done, the rat, cat, or chicken caught half across the areaway, gripped in gentling paws while a four-inch hollow steel needle plunged down from the proboscis of the Hound to inject massive jolts of morphine or procaine. The pawn was then tossed in the incinerator. A new game began.

Montag stayed upstairs most nights when this went on. There had been a time two years ago when he had bet with the best of them, and lost a week's salary and faced Mildred's insane anger, which showed itself in veins and blotches. But now nights he lay in his bunk, face turned to the wall, listening to the whoops of laughter below and the piano-string scurry of rat feet, the violin squeaking of mice, and the great shadowing, motioned silence of the Hound leaping out like a moth in the raw light, finding, holding its victim, inserting needle and going back to its kennel to die as if a switch had been turned.

Montag touched the muzzle.

The Hound growled.

Montag jumped back.

The Hound half rose in its kennel and looked at him with green-blue neon light flickering in its suddenly activated eye-bulbs. It growled again, a strange rasping combination of electrical sizzle, a frying sound, a scraping of metal, a turning of cogs that seemed rusty and ancient with suspicion.

"No, no, boy," said Montag, his heart pounding.

He saw the silver needle extend upon the air an inch, pull back, extend, pull back. The growl simmered

on the beast and it looked at him.

Montag backed up. The Hound took a step from its kennel. Montag grabbed the brass pole with one hand. The pole, reacting, slid upward, and took him through the ceiling, quietly. He stepped off in the half-lit deck of the upper level. He was trembling and his face was green-white. Below, the Hound had sunk back down upon its eight incredible insect legs and was humming to itself again, its multifaceted eyes at peace.

Montag stood, letting the fears pass, by the drop-hole. Behind him, four men at a card table under a green-lidded light in the corner glanced briefly but said nothing. Only the man with the Captain's hat and the sign of the Phoenix on his hat, at last curious his playing cards in his thin hand, talked across the long room.

"Montag. . . ?"

"It doesn't like me," said Montag.

"What, the Hound?" The Captain studied his cards. "Come off it. It doesn't like or dislike. It just 'functions.' It's like a lesson in ballistics. It has a trajectory we decide on for it. It follows through. It targets itself, homes itself, and cuts off. It's only copper wire storage batteries, and electricity."

Montag swallowed. "Its calculators can be set to any combination, so many amino acids, so much sulphur, so much butterfat and alkaline. Right?"

"We all know that."

"All of those chemical balances and percentages on all of us here in the House are recorded in the master file downstairs. It would be easy for someone to set up a partial combination on the Hound's 'memory,' a touch of amino acids, perhaps. That would account for what the animal did just now. Reacted toward me."

"Hell," said the Captain.

"Irritated, but not completely angry. Just enough 'memory' set up in it by someone so it growled when I touched it."

"Who would do a thing like that?" asked the Captain. "You haven't any enemies here, Guy."

"None that I know of."

"We'll have the Hound checked by our technicians tomorrow."

"This isn't the first time it's threatened me," said Montag. "Last month it happened twice."

"We'll fix it up. Don't worry."

But Montag did not move and only stood thinking of the ventilator grille in the hall at home and what lay hidden behind the grille. If someone here in the firehouse knew about the ventilator then mightn't they "tell" the Hound . . . ?

The Captain came over to the drop-hole and gave Montag a questioning glance.

"I was just figuring," said Montag. "what does the Hound think about down there nights? Is it coming alive on us, really? It makes me cold."

"It doesn't think anything we don't want it to think."

"That's sad," said Montag, quietly, "because all we put into it is hunting and finding and killing. What a shame if that's all it can ever know."

Beatty snorted, gently. "Hell! It's a fine bit of craftsmanship, a good rifle that can fetch its own target and guarantees the bulls-eye every time."

"That's why," said Montag. "I wouldn't want to be its next victim"

"Why? You got a guilty conscience about something?"

Montag glanced up swiftly.

Beatty stood there looking at him steadily with his eyes, while his mouth opened and began to laugh, very softly.

One two three four five six seven days. And as many times he came out of the house and Clarisse was there somewhere in the world. Once he saw her shaking a walnut tree, once he saw her sitting on the lawn knitting a blue sweater, three or four times he found a bouquet of late flowers on his porch, or a handful of chestnuts in a little sack, or some autumn leaves neatly pinned to a sheet of white paper and thumbtacked to his door. Every day Clarisse walked him to the corner. One day it was raining, the next it was clear, the day after that the wind blew strong, and the day after that it was mild and calm, and the day after that calm day was a day like the furnace of summer and Clarisse with her face all sunburnt by late afternoon.

"Why is it," he said, one time, at the subway entrance, "I feel I've known you so many years?"

"Because I like you," she said, "and I don't want anything from you. And because we know each other."

"You make me feel very old and very much like a father."

"Now you explain," she said, "why you haven't any daughters like me, if you love children so much?"

"I don't know."

"You're joking!"

"I mean—" He stopped and shook his head. "Well, my wife, she . . . she just never wanted any children at all"

The girl stopped smiling. "I'm sorry I really thought you were having fun at my expense. I'm a fool."

"No, no," he said. "It was a good question. It's been a long time since anyone cared enough to ask. A good question."

"Let's talk about something else. Have you ever smelled old leaves? Don't they smell like cinnamon? Here. Smell."

"Why, yes, it is like cinnamon in a way"

She looked at him with her clear dark eyes. "You always seem shocked"

"It's just I haven't had time—"

"Did you look at the stretched-out billboards like I told you?"

"I think so. Yes." He had to laugh.

"Your laugh sounds much nicer than it did."

"Does it?"

"Much more relaxed."

He felt at ease and comfortable. "Why aren't you in school? I see you every day wandering around"

"Oh, they don't miss me," she said. "I'm antisocial, they say. I don't mix. It's so strange. I'm very social indeed. It all depends on what you mean by social, doesn't it? Social to me means talking to you about things like this." She rattled some chestnuts that had fallen off the tree in the front yard. "Or talking about how strange the world is. Being with people is nice. But I don't think it's social to get a bunch of people together and then not let them talk, do you? An hour of TV class, an hour of basketball or baseball or running, another hour of transcription history or painting pictures, and more sports, but do you know, we never ask questions, or at least most don't; they just run the answers at you, bing, bing, bing, and us sitting there for four more hours of film-teacher. That's not social to me at all. It's a lot of funnels and a lot of water poured down the spout and out the bottom, and them telling us it's wine when it's not. They run us so ragged by the end of the day we can't do anything but go to bed or head for a Fun Park to bully people around, break window-panes in the Window Smasher place or wreck cars in the Car Wrecker place with the big steel ball. Or go out in the cars and race on the streets, trying to see how close you can get to lampposts, playing 'chicken' and 'knock hubcaps.' I guess I'm everything they say I am, all right. I haven't any friends. That's supposed to prove I'm abnormal. But everyone I know is either shouting or dancing around like wild or beating up one another. Do you notice how people hurt each other nowadays?"

"You sound so very old."

"Sometimes I'm ancient. I'm afraid of children my own age. They kill each other. Did it always used to be that way? My uncle says no. Six of my friends have been shot in the last year alone. Ten of them died in car wrecks. I'm afraid of them and they don't like me because I'm afraid. My uncle says his grandfather remembered when children didn't kill each other. But that was a long time ago when they had things different. They believed in responsibility, my uncle says. Do you know, I'm responsible. I was spanked when I needed it, years ago. And I do all the shopping and house-cleaning by hand."

"But most of all," she said, "I like to watch people. Sometimes I ride the subway all day and look at them and listen to them. I just want to figure out who they are and what they want and where they're going. Sometimes I even go to the Fun Parks and ride in the jet cars when they race on the edge of town at midnight and the police don't care as long as they're insured. As long as everyone has (continued on page 28)

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MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 25)



ten thousand insurance everyone's happy. Sometimes I sneak around and listen in subways. Or I listen at soda fountains, and do you know what?"

"What?"

"People don't talk about anything."

"Oh, they *must*!"

"No, not anything. They name a lot of cars or clothes or swimming pools mostly and say how swell! But they all say the same things and nobody says anything different from anyone else. And most of the time in the cafes they have the joke-boxes on and the same jokes most of the time, or the musical wall lit and all the colored patterns running up and down, but it's only color and all abstract. And at the museums, have you *ever* been? All abstract. That's all there is now. My uncle says it was different once. A long time back sometimes pictures said things or even showed *people*."

"Your uncle said, your uncle said. Your uncle must be a remarkable man."

"He is. He certainly is. Well, I got to be going. Good-by, Mr. Montag."

"Good by."

"Good-by. . . ."

One two three four five six seven days: the firehouse.

"Montag, you shin that pole like a bird up a tree"

Third day.

"Montag, I see you came in the back door this time. The Hound bother you?"

"No, no."

Fourth day.

"Montag, a funny thing. Heard tell this morning. Fireman in Seattle, purposely set a Mechanical Hound to his own chemical complex and let it loose. What kind of suicide would you call that?"

Five, six, seven days.

And then, Clarisse was gone. He didn't know what there was about the afternoon, but it was not seeing her somewhere in the world. The lawn was empty, the trees empty, the street empty, and while at first he did not even know he missed her or was even looking for her, the fact was that by the time he reached the subway, there were vague stirrings of disease in him. Something was the matter, his routine had been disturbed. A simple routine, true, established in a short few days, and yet . . . ? He almost turned back to make the walk again, to give her time to appear. He was certain if he tried the same route, everything would work out fine. But it was late, and the arrival of his train put a stop to his plan.

The flutter of cards, motion of hands, of eyelids, the drone of the time-voice in the firehouse ceiling . . . one thirty-five, Thursday morning, November 4th, . . . one thirty-six . . . one thirty-seven A.M. . . ." The tick of the playing cards on the greasy table top, all the sounds came to Montag, behind his closed eyes, behind the barrier he had momentarily erected. He could feel the firehouse full of glitter and shine and silence, of brass colors, the colors of coins, of gold, of silver. The unseen men across the table were sighing on their cards, waiting. ". . . one forty-five. . ." The voice clock mourned out the cold hour of a cold morning of a still colder year.

"What's wrong, Montag?"

Montag opened his eyes.

A radio hummed somewhere. ". . . war may be declared any hour. This country stands ready to defend its. . ."

The firehouse trembled as a great flight of jet planes whistled a single note across the black morning sky.

Montag blinked. Beatty was looking at him as if he were a museum statue. At any moment, Beatty might rise and walk about him, touching, exploring his guilt and self-consciousness. Guilt? What guilt was that?

"Your play, Montag."

Montag looked at these men whose faces were sunburnt by a thousand real and ten thousand imaginary fires, whose work flushed their cheeks and fevered their eyes. These men who looked steadily into their platinum igniter flames as they lit their eternally burning black pipes. They and their charcoal hair and soot-colored brows and bluish-ash smeared cheeks where they had shaven close; but their heritage showed. Montag started up, his mouth opened. Had he ever seen a fireman that *didn't* have black hair, black brows, a fiery face, and a blue-steel shaved but unshaved look? These men were all mirror images of himself! Were all firemen picked then for their looks as well as their proclivities? The color of cinders and ash about them, and the continual smell of burning from their pipes. Captain Beatty there, rising in thunderheads of tobacco smoke. Beatty opening a fresh tobacco packet, crumpling the cellophane into a sound of fire.

Montag looked at the cards in his own hands. "I—I've been thinking. About the fire last week. About the man whose library we fixed. What happened to him?"

"They took him screaming off to the asylum."

"He wasn't insane."

Beatty arranged his cards quietly. "Any man's insane who thinks he can fool the government and us."

"I've tried to imagine," said Montag, "just how it would feel. I mean, to have firemen burn *our* houses and *our* books."

"We haven't any books."

"But if we did have some."

Beatty blinked slowly.

"No." Montag gazed beyond them to the wall with the typed lists of a million forbidden books. Their names leapt in fire, burning down the years under his ax and his hose which sprayed not water but kerosene. "No." But in his mind, a cool wind started up and blew out of the ventilator grille at home, softly, softly, chilling his face. And, again, he saw himself in a green park talking to an old man, a very old man, and the wind from the park was cold, too.

Montag hesitated. "Was—was it always like this? The firehouse, our work? I mean, well, once upon a time. . ."

"Once upon a time!" Beatty said.

"What kind of talk is *that*?"

Fool, thought Montag to himself, you'll give it away. At the last fire, a book of fairy tales, he'd glanced at a single line. "I mean," he said, "in the old days, before homes were completely fireproofed—" Suddenly it seemed a much younger voice was speaking for him. He opened his mouth and it was Clarisse McClellan saying "Didn't firemen *prevent* fires rather than stoke them up and get them going?"

"That's rich!" Stoneman and Black drew forth their rule books, which also contained brief histories of the Firemen of America, and laid them out where Montag, though long familiar with them, might read:

"Established, 1790, to burn English-influenced books in the Colonies. First Fireman: Benjamin Franklin."

RULE 1. Answer the alarm quickly.

2. Start the fire swiftly.

3. Burn everything.

4. Report back to firehouse immediately.

5. Stand alert for other Alarms.

Everyone watched Montag. He did not move.

The alarm sounded.

The bell in the ceiling kicked itself two hundred times. Suddenly there were four empty chairs. The cards fell in a flurry of snow. The brass pole shivered. The men were gone.

Montag sat in his chair. Below, the orange dragon coughed to life.

Montag slid down the pole like a man in a dream.

The Mechanical Hound leapt up in its kennel, its eyes all green flame.

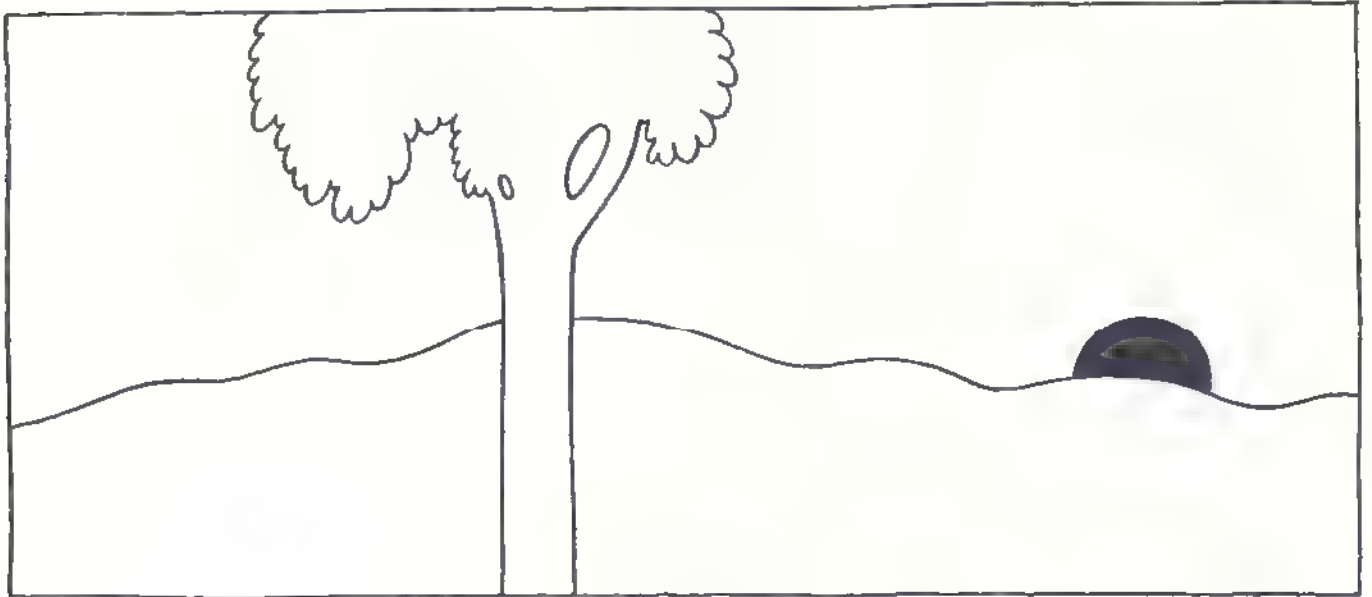
"Montag, you forgot your helmet!"

He seized it off the wall behind him, ran, leapt, and they were off, the night wind hammering about their siren scream and their mighty metal thunder!

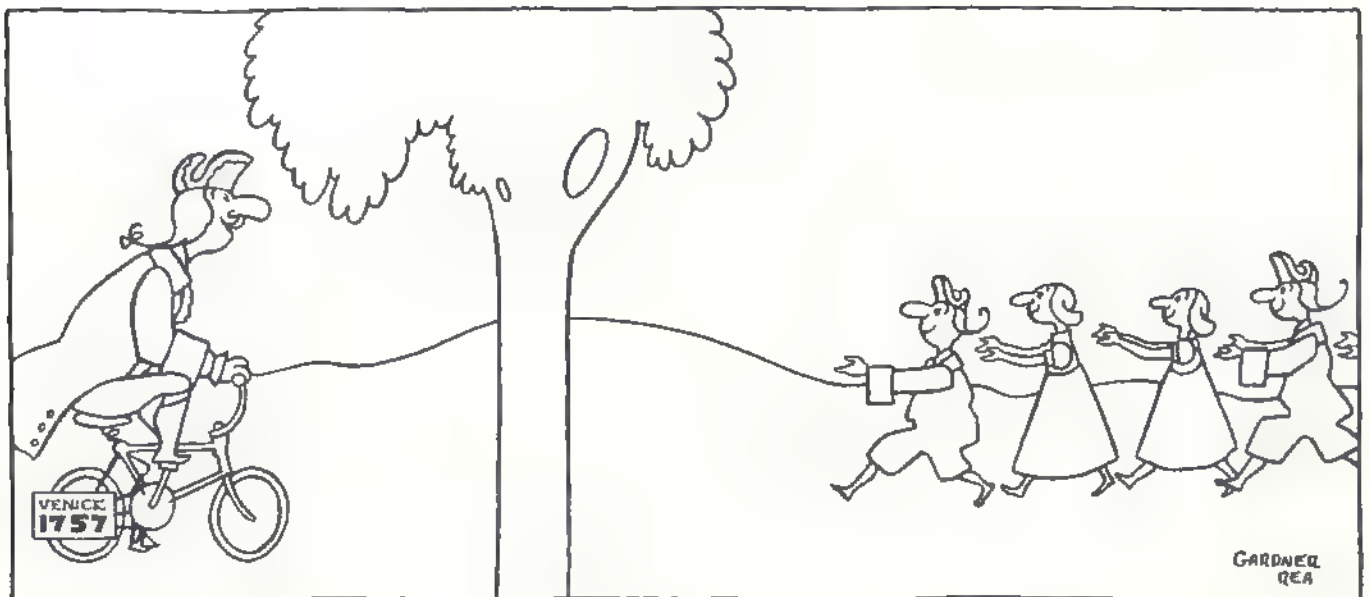
It was a flaking three-story house in the ancient part of the city, a century old if it was a day, but like all houses it had been given a thin fireproof plastic sheath many years ago, and this preservative shell seemed to be the only thing (continued on page 35)



CASANOVA




AND



GARDNER
REA

CASANOVA'S HOME-COMING



THE NEW YORKER—This metropolitan design transplants country charm into the heart of the city. It is amid such surroundings that the harried business tycoon may recapture the nostalgia of his youth while keeping an eye on the passing activities of his urban stronghold. It is well to remember that in large urban areas, where living is more competitive, distinction lies in being seen and recognized in the best places. What could better call attention to one's position than being seen in one of the really smart spots for which the Big City is noted. Located at the crossroads, this swank edifice is the last word in achieving prestige and social acceptance. Discreet attendants, working with feline precision, meet every need, supplying, on the request of guests, television, radio and telephone services, even magazines and the latest editions of the great metropolitan dailies.

johns

The Outhouse Beautiful

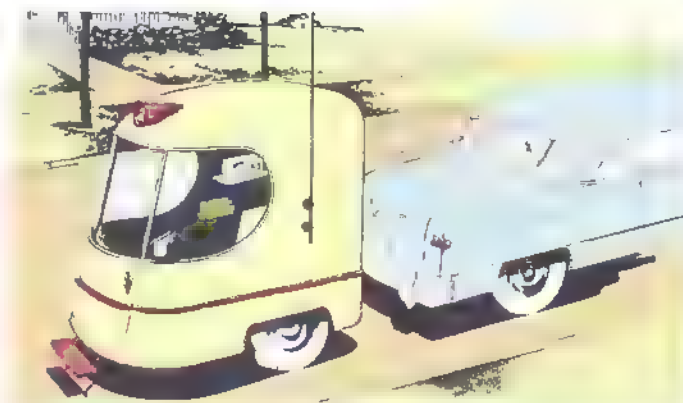
FRANK Lloyd Wright brought modern design to the home, Wallace Harrison produced new concepts in skyscrapers, and now Frank O'Beirne has brought the exciting simplicity of modern architecture to that basic structure of rural life—the outhouse.

Mr. O'Beirne believes the outdoor commode is about to enjoy a return to popularity and his designs successfully adapt the outhouse to city living. He explains he has nothing against inside plumbing, but feels a return to the simple pleasures of the old-fashioned outhouse might do the harried city-dweller more good than the plushiest psychiatrist's couch.

Frank O'Beirne's drawings have been collected in a book titled, appropriately enough, *Johns*, published by Louis Mariano. Three of his most interesting designs appear here. Mr. O'Beirne has asked us to publicly acknowledge his indebtedness to B.M., without whose co-operation these plans would not have been possible.



THE DAILY DOUBLE—They're off! And where could the view be better than right on the rail? Mabel's "Best Works" and Clem's "Long Uns" are studied here under gratifying circumstances. A favorite with many horse-players, the architecture conforms to the best traditions of the track. Blending as it does with its horsey surroundings, even the aroma plays a strong part in the enjoyment of a day at the races. A perfect vantage point to secure the best possible selection from your scratch sheet.



THE RUMBLE SEAT—This little "Johnny-on-the-spot" provides the kind of high speed comfort found only in the better Pullmans. It offers, too, the thrilling experience that comes in riding the observation car of a streamlined train. For family travel, where time-consuming stops are annoying, there is no equal to this smartly engineered masterpiece. An automatic safety belt gives the rider utmost protection against quick starts and sudden stops. And for full riding pleasure gas fumes are quickly disposed of by another automatic feature. A cross-country time-saver, the Rumble Seat can be painted to match your car.

tales from the DECAMERON

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's bawdy classic.

THE 7th TALE OF THE 7th DAY

In Paris there once lived a Florentine gentleman who, because of poor financial circumstances, had become a merchant, and who prospered so at his trade that he became very rich. He had a son named Lodovico, and wanting the boy to become a nobleman rather than one of the trade, he did not put him to work, but sent him instead to be with other gentlemen in the service of the King of France, where he learned good manners and other fine things.

While Lodovico was at court, he fell in with certain knights who had just returned from the Holy Land. They spoke of the fair ladies of France and England and other parts of the world. One of the group said that in all the lands he had travelled, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen was Madam Beatrice the wife of Egano de' Galluzzi, of Bologna; and all his companions who had been to Bologna agreed with him.

When Lodovico, who had never been in love, heard this, he was fired with such a longing to see this lady that he could think of nothing else, and he resolved to journey to Bologna

for that purpose. He told his father that he wished to visit the Holy Land and after some difficulty, he obtained permission to make the trip.

Assuming the name of Anichino, he went immediately to Bologna; and as luck would have it, the day after his arrival there, he saw the lady of his dreams at a feast, and found her to be even more beautiful than he had imagined. He fell violently in love with her on the spot, and resolved that he would never leave Bologna till he had won her.

After some thought on the matter, he determined to become one of her husband's servants so that he might be near her. Therefore, he disposed of his horses and servants and, through a mutual friend, approached Egano requesting a position with him. Egano liked the personable young man and hired him on the spot. Thus Anichino took up residence in the house of Galluzzi, and seeing his lady often, was exceedingly happy and served Egano in a manner so pleasing that he was soon governing both his master's personal and business affairs.

One day Egano went hawking without Anichino and the latter spent the afternoon playing chess with Madam

Beatrice. The lady was not yet aware of Anichino's love, but was pleased with the servant's behavior and appearance. Wishing to please her, Anichino skillfully allowed himself to be beaten, which delighted the lady greatly. In time the lady's woman servants withdrew, leaving them playing alone, and as the game ended, Anichino heaved a great sigh.

"What is the matter, Anichino?" Madam Beatrice asked. "Does it hurt you so to be beaten at chess?"

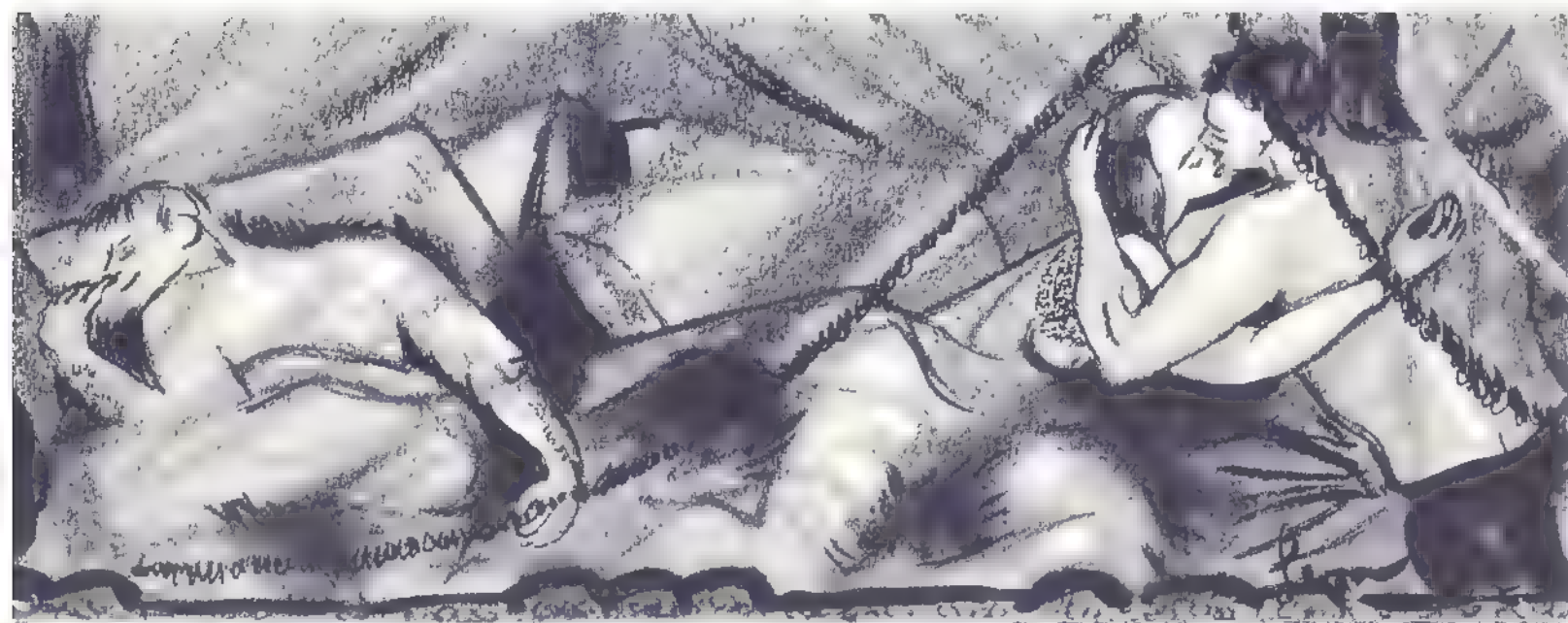
"Ah, Madam," he replied, "it is for a far more important reason that I sigh."

"Tell me of it," she requested.

"I fear the reason may displease you," Anichino said, "and that you may reveal it to someone else."

"It will certainly not annoy me, Anichino," the lady replied, "and I promise you that I shall not repeat what you tell me to anyone unless you wish me to do so."

Then, with tears in his eyes, Anichino told his lady who he really was, what he had heard of her, when and how he had fallen in love with her, and why he had taken his present position with her husband. Having so confessed, he prayed that she might



At the appointed hour, Anichino entered his lady's bed chamber.

return his love, but if this were not possible, he asked only that she keep his secret so that he might remain near her in her husband's employ.

As Anichino spoke, the gentle lady kept her eyes fixed on him, and was, at last, so moved by his words, his tears and sighs, that she was sighing deeply too.

"Sweet Anichino," she said at last, "I have been courted by many noble men and gentlemen, given many gifts and promises of love, but my heart has never been moved to love for any one of them—yet you, in this small space of time that your words have lasted, have made my heart far more yours than my own. I believe you have earned my love, and before this evening has passed, you shall have it. Come at mid night to my chamber—I will leave the door open. You know upon which side of the bed I lie. Approach, and if I sleep, touch me so that I wake, and I will ease you of this long desire. And so that you will believe what I tell you, here is a small nibble from the fruit of love."

So saying, the lady threw her arms about him and kissed him with great passion.

After this, Anichino departed to perform his duties, awaiting the night with the greatest joy imaginable. Egano returned from hawking and, being weary, retired immediately after supper. The lady followed soon after, and left the bedroom door open as she had promised.

At the appointed hour, Anichino came and softly entered the chamber, closing the door behind him. Then

going to the side of the bed on which his lady lay, he put his hand on her breast and found her awake. As soon as she felt his presence, she took his hand in hers, then turned to her husband and woke him, saying:

"Dear husband, I did not mention this at supper for I knew you were weary, but now I must speak. Tell me, which of your many servants do you consider most honest and faithful?"

"Foolish wife," said Egano, "what manner of question is this? You know, of course, that I love and trust Anichino above all my other servants. Why do you ask?"

Anichino, seeing Egano awake, and hearing talk of himself, tried to draw his hand away and leave the bedside, fearing that the lady intended to betray him. But she held him so tightly that he could not pull free without chancing discovery.

"I will tell you why, my husband," said the lady. "I believed as you do till today, but he has deceived us both.

This very afternoon while you were away hawking, Anichino approached me and asked me to yield to his pleasures. To prove this outrageous thing to you, I consented, and agreed to meet him tonight just after midnight, beneath the pine tree in the garden. I, of course, have no intention of going there, but you, my husband, may don my clothing and a veil and go in my place. Thinking you are I, Anichino will betray himself to you and prove the truth of my assertion."

"I will certainly keep this rendezvous," Egano said angrily, "and if what you say is true, I shall thrash Anichino within an inch of his life." So saying, the husband put on his wife's dress and veil, and picking out a heavy cane from his cane stand, went down into the garden to await Anichino at the pine tree.

As soon as he had gone, the lady got out of bed and locked the bedroom door. Anichino had felt the greatest fear imaginable in his hiding place beside the bed and had struggled to free himself from the lady's grasp, cursing a thousand times both her and her love, and himself for trusting her. But when he realized her real intention, his fear turned to great joy. Having locked the chamber door, the lady returned to her bed; Anichino undressed and got in with her, and together they took their joy and pleasure for some time.

Finally, the lady thought that Anichino should stay no longer, and so made him rise and dress, and said to him:

"My dearest, take one of Egano's canes for yourself and go down to the garden where he waits. Pretend that you spoke to me this afternoon to test me, then abuse Egano as though you thought him to be me—thrashing him as soundly as he plans to thrash you."

Anichino went down into the garden and when Egano saw him coming, he rose in his feminine disguise, as though to greet him. But Anichino said:

"Wicked woman, so you have come here expecting me to wrong my master. A thousand curses upon you!"

And lifting his stick he began to beat Egano, who fled him if Anichino called after him:

"God will punish you, evil woman—and tomorrow I shall tell Egano!"

Egano returned to his bedroom as quickly as his legs and the ill-fitting costume would permit; and once inside, his wife asked him if Anichino had come to the garden. Whereupon, Egano said:

"Indeed, I wish that he had not, for it was all a trick to test your faithfulness to me. Thinking I was you, Anichino beat me with a stick and cursed me as a wicked woman."

"Praised be to God," said the lady, "that he tested me with words and you with acts. I think he will be able to say that I took his words more patiently than you his deeds. But since he has proven himself so faithful, you should value him even more."

"Indeed, I do," Egano replied.

Thus convinced by the evening's happenings, Egano was certain he had the truest wife and most faithful servant in all the world. And so, Anichino and the lady laughed often over the merry incident, and henceforth were at greater liberty to take their delight and pleasure together, for as long as Anichino chose to remain in Bologna.



ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN

DRINK

Liquor Lady No. 1

ANGEL'S TIT

One of the most popular
preprohibition after-dinner drinks.

$\frac{2}{3}$ maraschino liqueur

$\frac{1}{3}$ heavy cream

Pour liqueur into a pony glass.
Then pour cream in carefully,
on edge of glass, so that it floats
and does not mix with the
liqueur. Top the cream with a
maraschino cherry.



FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 28)

holding it in the sky.

"Here we are!"

The engine slammed to a stop. Beatty, Stoneman, and Black ran up the sidewalk, suddenly odious and fat in their plump fireproof slickers. Montag followed.

They crashed the front door and grabbed at a woman, though she was not running, she was not trying to escape. She was only standing, weaving from side to side, her eyes fixed upon a nothingness in the wall, as if they had struck her a terrible blow upon the head. Her tongue was moving in her mouth, and her eyes seemed to be trying to remember something and then they remembered and her tongue moved again.

"Play the man, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

"Enough of that!" said Beatty. "Where are they?"

He slapped her face with amazing objectivity and repeated the question. The old woman's eyes came to a focus upon Beatty. "You know where they are or you wouldn't be here," she said.

Stoneman held out the telephone alarm card with the complaint signed in telephone duplicate on the back:

"Have reason to suspect attic; 11 No. Elm, City. E. B."

"That would be Mrs. Blake, my neighbor," said the woman reading the initials.

"All right, men, let's get 'em!"

Next thing they were up in musty blackness swinging silver hatchets at doors that were, after all, unlocked, tumbling through like boys all rollick and shout. "Hey!" A fountain of books sprang down upon Montag as he climbed shuddering up the sheer stair well. How inconvenient! Always before it had been like snuffing a candle. The police went first and adhesive-taped the victim's mouth and bandaged him off into their glittering beetle cars, so when you arrived you found an empty house. You weren't hurting anyone, you were hurting only things! And since things really couldn't be hurt, since things felt nothing, and things don't scream or whimper, as this woman might begin to scream and cry out, there was nothing to tease your conscience later. You were simply cleaning up. Janitorial work, essentially. Everything to its proper place. Quick with the kerosene! Who's got a match!

But now, tonight, someone had slipped. This woman was spoiling the ritual. The men were making too much noise, laughing, joking, to cover her terrible accusing silence below. She made the empty rooms roar with accusation and shake down a fine dust of guilt that was sucked in their nostrils as they plunged about.

It was neither cricket nor correct. Montag felt an immense irritation. She shouldn't be here on top of everything!

Books bombarded his shoulders, his arms, his upturned face. A book lit, almost obediently, like a white pigeon, in his hands, wings fluttering. In the dim, wavering light, a page hung open and it was like a snowy feather, the words delicately painted thereon. In all the rush and fervor, Montag had only an instant to read a line, but it blazed in his mind for the next minute as if stamped there with fiery steel. "Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine." He dropped the book. Immediately, another fell into his arms.

"Montag, up here!"

Montag's hand closed like a mouth, crushed the book with wild devotion, with an insanity of mindlessness to his chest. The men above were hurling shovelfuls of magazines into the dusty air. They fell like slaughtered birds and the woman stood below, like a small girl, among the bodies.

Montag had done nothing. His hand had done it all, his hand, with a brain of its own, with a conscience and a curiosity in each trembling finger, had turned thief. Now, it plunged the book back under his arm, pressed it tight to sweating armpit, rushed out empty, with a magician's flourish! Look here! Innocent! Look!

He gazed, shaken, at that white hand. He held it way out, as if he were farsighted. He held it close, as if he were blind.

"Montag!"

He jerked about.

"Don't stand there, idiot!"

The books lay like great mounds of fishes left to dry. The men danced and slipped and fell over them. Titles glittered their golden eyes, falling, gone.

"Kerosene!"

They pumped the cold fluid from the numbered 451 tanks strapped to their shoulders. They coated each book, they pumped rooms full of it.

They hurried downstairs, Montag staggering after them in the kerosene fumes.

"Come on, woman!"

The woman knelt among the books, touching the drenched leather and cardboard, reading the gilt titles with her fingers while her eyes accused Montag.

"You can't ever have my books," she said.

"You know the law," said Beatty. "Where's your common sense? None of those books agree with each other. You've been locked up here for years with a regular damned Tower of Babel. Snap out of it! The people in those books never lived. Come on now!"

She shook her head.

"The whole house is going up," said Beatty.

The men walked clumsily to the door. They glanced back at Montag, who stood near the woman.

"You're not leaving her here?" he protested.

"She won't come."

"Force her, then!"

Beatty raised his hand in which was concealed the igniter. "We're due back at the House. Besides, these fanatics always try suicide; the pattern's familiar."

Montag placed his hand on the woman's elbow. "You can come with me."

"No," she said. "Thank you, anyway."

"I'm counting to ten," said Beatty. "One. Two."

"Please," said Montag.

"Go on," said the woman.

"Three. Four."

"Here." Montag pulled at the woman.

The woman replied quietly, "I want to stay here."

"Five. Six."

"You can stop counting," she said. She opened the fingers of one hand slightly and in the palm of the hand was a single slender object.

An ordinary kitchen match.

The sight of it rushed the men out and down away from the house. Captain Beatty, keeping his dignity, backed slowly through the front door, his pink face burnt and shiny from a thousand fires and night excitements. God, thought Montag, how true! Always at night the alarm comes. Never by day! Is it because fire is prettier by night? More spectacle, a better show? The pink face of Beatty now showed the faintest panic in the door. The woman's hand twitched on the single matchstick. The fumes of kerosene bloomed up about her. Montag felt the hidden book pound like a heart against his chest.

"Go on," said the woman, and Montag felt himself back away and away out the door, after Beatty, down the steps, across the lawn, where the path of kerosene lay like the track of some evil snail.

On the front porch where she had come to weigh them quietly with her eyes, her quietness a condemnation, the woman stood motionless.

Beatty flicked his fingers to spark the kerosene.

He was too late. Montag gasped.

The woman on the porch reached out with contempt to them all, and struck the kitchen match against the railing.

People ran out of houses all down the street.

They said nothing on their way back to the firehouse. Nobody looked at anyone else. Montag sat in the front seat with Beatty and Black. They did not even smoke their pipes. They sat there looking (continued on page 41)




Sex Sells a Shirt

ADVERTISING men grow grey looking for new ideas, fresh approaches, clever gimmicks for selling their clients' products. The American public is subjected to such an unending barrage of advertising in every conceivable form, every waking hour of the day, it takes a really sensational gimmick to get very much attention. That was the problem that faced the Carson-Roberts Agency a year ago as they searched for a way to publicize a shirt manufacturer named Hartog. The gimmick they came up with was sensational to say the least.

Hartog is just one of hundreds of west coast shirt makers. They had never done any advertising before and didn't have a lot to spend. They wanted trade recognition and acceptance for their brand name so that their salesmen would have an easier time interesting retailers in their line. Through their agency, Carson-Roberts, Hartog scheduled a series of full page ads in the trade publication *Men's Wear*. The big problem was what sort of ads could Hartog run that would gain immediate attention in such a competitive field.

(continued overleaf)



Model Joanne Arnold arrives at Hal Adams' studio to pose for the first Hartog ad.



Joanne steps out of the dressing room minus her sweater and skirt, and ready to begin posing. At this point Adams had only a vague idea what finished ad would look like.



Joanne Arnold smokes a cigarette as photographer Hal Adams contemplates suitable poses. In an earlier discussion with Carson-Roberts' Art Director, Jack Roberts and Hartog President, Hank Daniels, it had been agreed the photos should be given a very high fashion treatment with plenty of sex appeal.



Above, left to right, Hartog's Hank Daniels, photographer Hal Adams, and Carson-Roberts' Jack Roberts discussing a preliminary pose. Right, photographer Adams finds mussing hair gives model a casual charm.





Joanne peels off brassiere, slip, and stockings and Adams tries several shots of her entirely nude except for transparent panties. All agree that these will make very nice poses for somebody's collection, but they aren't different enough for the ad. Jack Roberts suggests the shirt gimmick that becomes the basis for the first of the series. Broad pulls broadcloth over her head and advertisement carries the line "Keep Your Shirt On Till You See Hartog."





MODEL. Joanne Arnold was selected as the first Hartog Girl. She stripped for action and photographer Hal Adams began experimenting with various poses and props. It was decided the pictures should be shot in a high key to give them a high fashion look.

After Joanne had peeled and Adams had taken a few shots of her in nothing but a pair of very transparent panties, he had her try some poses wearing toreador trousers; Jack Roberts added his pipe to the picture as a masculine touch. The toreador trousers appeared in several of the later ads—the pipe in all of them. *(continued on next page)*

Roberts and Adams can't be as bored as they look. They agree that the shirt and panties have plenty of sex appeal but not enough sophistication.

HARTOG president Hank Daniels gave the agency a few general ideas about what he had in mind. He didn't want to show his shirts or his prices. He did want "Class" ads that would appeal to men, with major emphasis on the Hartog name. Mr. Daniels wanted greater trade acceptance that would help the company expand its distribution. What he got was the hottest advertising campaign of the year and the biggest sales in Hartog history.

Most west coast shirt manufacturers plug the "made in California" idea. Carson-Roberts searched for something different—something as attention getting as Hathaway's eye patch had been the year before. They hit on sex as the most natural approach for an ad aimed at men, but decided that sex given a high fashion treatment would be the real stopper in a masculine magazine.

The first photo for the series had to be *right*—it would set the precedent for the ads to follow. Carson-Roberts' art director Jack Roberts huddled with Hartog's Hank Daniels and fashion photographer Hal Adams, then they called in the model and got down to business.



The toreador trousers are introduced to give the picture the needed high fashion tane. Jack Roberts also adds his pipe to the setting for a masculine touch. Toreador trousers are used in several later ads; pipe in all of them.

THE first Hartog ad showed model Joanne Arnold pulling off her shirt and carried the single line, "Keep Your Shirt On Till You See Hartog." It appeared in the February issue of *Men's Wear* magazine. Each of the ads that followed included a different, equally beautiful, bosomy young lady, with a similar catch line. For Father's Day, "My Hartog Belongs To Daddy"; with a U. S. tax form, "There's No Withholding From Hartog"; on a scale, "You Can't Lose With Hartog"; with a rabbit, "Multiply Your Profits With Hartog."

The response was immediate. In the issue after the series began, the editor of *Men's Wear* ran a picture of himself pulling off his shirt in a burlesque of the Hartog Girl and national magazines like *Pageant* and *People Today* published stories on the ads. When Hank Daniels went to New York, a trade paper announced simply, "The man with the ad is in town."

The foreodor pants give the picture the sophisticated flavor Hartog is looking for. Hal Adams shoots a number of poses and the best is used as the first Hartog ad (right).



No name, company, or ad was identified, but Daniels' New York phone rang for two days with calls from buyers and retailers.

At times the mail resulting from the ads has required a fulltime girl, and the requests for extra copies has been so large that next year Hartog plans to reproduce them as a calendar.

From shirts to soap and Simoniz, there's no salesman like sex.



A different bosom is bared each month, but the theme of the advertisements remains the same.



FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 35)

out of the front of the great Salamander as they turned a corner and went silently on.

"Master Ridley," said Montag at last.

"What?" said Beatty.

"She said, 'Master Ridley.' She said some crazy thing when we came in the door. 'Play the man,' she said, 'Master Ridley.' Something, something, something."

"We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out," said Beatty. Stoneman glanced over at the Captain, as did Montag, startled.

Beatty rubbed his chin. "A man named Latimer said that to a man named Nicholas Ridley, as they were being burnt alive at Oxford, for heresy, on October 16, 1555."

Montag and Stoneman went back to looking at the street as it moved under the engine wheels.

"I'm full of bits and pieces," said Beatty. "Most fire captains have to be. Sometimes I surprise myself. Watch it, Stoneman!"

Stoneman braked the truck.

"Damn!" said Beatty. "You've gone right by the corner where we turn for the firehouse."

"Who is it?"

"Who would it be?" said Montag, leaning back against the closed door in the dark.

His wife said, at last, "Well, put on the light."

"I don't want the light."

"Come to bed."

He heard her roll impatiently; the bedsprings squealed.

"Are you drunk?" she said.

So it was the hand that started it all. He felt one hand and then the other work his coat free and let it slump to the floor. He held his pants out into an abyss and let them fall into darkness. His hands had been infected and soon it would be his arms. He could feel the poison working up his wrists and into his elbows and his shoulders, and then the jump-over from shoulder blade to shoulder blade like a spark leaping a gap. His hands were ravenous. And his eyes were beginning to feel hunger, as if they must look at something, anything, everything.

His wife said, "What are you doing."

He balanced in space with the book in his sweating cold fingers.

A minute later she said, "Well, just don't stand there in the middle of the floor."

He made a small sound.

"What?" she asked.

He made more soft sounds. He stumbled toward the bed and shoved the book clumsily under the cold pillow. He fell into bed and his wife cried out, startled. He lay far across the room from her, on a winter island

separated by an empty sea. She talked to him for what seemed a long while and she talked about this and she talked about that and it was only words, like the words he had heard once in a nursery at a friend's house, a two-year-old child building word patterns, talking jargon, making pretty sounds in the air. But Montag said nothing and after a long while when he only made the small sounds, he felt her move in the room and come to his bed and stand over him and put her hand down to feel his cheek. He knew that when she pulled her hand away from his face it was wet.

Late in the night he looked over at Mildred. She was awake. There was a tiny dance of melody in the air, her Seashell was tamped in her ear again and she was listening to far people in far places, her eyes wide and staring at the fathoms of blackness above her in the ceiling.

Wasn't there an old joke about the wife who talked so much on the telephone that her desperate husband ran out to the nearest store and telephoned her to ask what was for dinner? Well, then, why didn't he buy himself an audio-Seashell broadcasting station and talk to his wife late at night, murmur, whisper, shout, scream, yell. But what would he whisper, what would he yell? What could he say?

And suddenly she was so strange he couldn't believe he knew her at all. He was in someone else's house, like those other jokes people told of the gentleman, drunk, coming home late at night, unlocking the wrong door, entering a wrong room, and bedding with a stranger and getting up early and going to work and neither of them the wiser.

"Millie. . ." he whispered.

"What?"

"I didn't mean to startle you. What I want to know is . . ."

"Well?"

"When did we meet? And where?"

"When did we meet for what?" she asked.

"I mean—originally."

He knew she must be frowning in the dark.

He clarified it. "The first time we ever met, where was it, and when?"

"Why, it was at—"

She stopped.

"I don't know," she said.

He was cold. "Can't you remember?"

"It's been so long."

"Only ten years, that's all, only ten!"

"Don't get excited, I'm trying to think." She laughed an odd little laugh that went up and up. "Funny, how funny, not to remember where or when you met your husband."

He lay massaging his eyes, his brow, and the back of his neck, slowly. He

held both hands over his eyes and applied a steady pressure there as if to crush memory into place. It was suddenly more important than any other thing in a lifetime that he know where he had met Mildred.

"It doesn't matter." She was up, in the bathroom now, and he heard the water running, and the swallowing sound she made.

"No, I guess not," he said.

He tried to count how many times she swallowed and he thought of the visit from the two zinc-oxide-faced men with the cigarettes in their straight-lined mouths and the Electronic-Eyed Snake winding down into the layer upon layer of night and stone and stagnant spring water, and he wanted to call out to her, how many have you taken tonight! the capsules! how many will you take later and not know? and so on, every hour! or maybe not tonight, tomorrow night! And me not sleeping tonight or tomorrow night or any night for a long while, now that this has started. And he thought of her lying on the bed with the two technicians standing straight over her, not bent with concern, but only standing straight, arms folded. And he remembered thinking then that if she died, he was certain he wouldn't cry. For it would be the dying of an unknown, a street face, a newspaper image, and it was suddenly so very wrong that he had begun to cry, not at death but at the thought of not crying at death, a silly empty man near a silly empty woman, while the hungry snake made her still more empty.

How do you get so empty? he wondered. Who takes it out of you? And that awful flower the other day, the dandelion! It had summed up everything, hadn't it? "What a shame! You're not in love with anyone!" And why not?

Well, wasn't there a wall between him and Mildred, when you came down to it? Literally not just one wall but, so far, three! And expensive, too! And the uncles, the aunts, the cousins, the nieces, the nephews, that lived in those walls, the gibbering pack of tree-apes that said nothing, nothing, nothing and said it loud, loud, loud. He had taken to calling them relatives from the very first "How's Uncle Louis today?" "Who?" "And Aunt Maude?" The most significant memory he had of Mildred, really, was of a little girl in a forest without trees (how odd!) or rather a little girl lost on a plateau where there used to be trees (you could feel the memory of their shapes all about) sitting in the center of the "living room." The living room; what a good job of labeling that was now. No matter when he came in, the walls were always talking to Mildred.

"Something must be done!"

"Yes, something must be done!"

"Well, let's not stand and talk!"

"Let's do it!"

"I'm so mad I could spit!"

What was (continued on next page)



FAHRENHEIT 451

(continued from page 41)

it all about? Mildred couldn't say. Who was mad at whom? Mildred didn't quite know. What were they going to do? Well, said Mildred, wait around and see.

He had waited around to see

A great thunderstorm of sound gushed from the walls. Music bombarded him at such an immense volume that his bones were almost shaken from their tendons; he felt his jaw vibrate, his eyes wobble in his head. He was a victim of concussion. When it was all over he felt like a man who had been thrown from a cliff, whirled in a centrifuge and spat out over a waterfall that fell and fell into emptiness and emptiness and never-quite-touched-bottom-never never-quite-no not quite touched-bottom . . . and you fell so fast you didn't touch the sides either . . . never . . . quite . . . touched . . . anything

The thunder faded. The music died.

"There," said Mildred.

And it was indeed remarkable. Something had happened. Even though the people in the walls of the room had barely moved, and nothing had really been settled, you had the impression that someone had turned on a washing machine or sucked you up in a gigantic vacuum. You drowned in music and pure cacophony. He came out of the room sweating and on the point of collapse. Behind him, Mildred sat in her chair and the voices went on again:

"Well, everything will be all right now," said an "aunt."

"Oh, don't be too sure," said a "cousin."

"Now, don't get angry!"

"Who's angry?"

"You are!"

"I am?"

"You're mad!"

"Why would I be mad?"

"Because!"

"That's all very well," cried Montag, "but what are they mad about? Who are these people? Who's that man and who's that woman? Are they husband and wife, are they divorced, engaged, what? Good God, *nothing's* connected up."

"They -" said Mildred. "Well, they - they had this fight, you see. They certainly fight a lot. You should listen. I think they're married. Yes, they're married. Why?"

And if it was not the three walls soon to be four walls and the dream complete, then it was the open car and Mildred driving a hundred miles an hour across town, he shouting at her and she shouting back and both trying to hear what was said, but hearing only the scream of the car. "At least keep it down to the minimum!" he yelled. "What?" she cried. "Keep it down to fifty five, the minimum!" he shouted. "The what?" she shrieked. "Speed!" he shouted. And she pushed

it up to one hundred and five miles and hour and tore the breath from his mouth.

When they stepped out of the car, she had the Seashells stuffed in her ears.

Silence. Only the wind blowing softly.

"Mildred." He stirred in bed.

He reached over and pulled the tiny musical insect out of her ear. "Mildred. Mildred?"

"Yes." Her voice was faint.

He felt he was one of the creatures electronically inserted between the slots of the phono-color walls, speaking, but the speech not piercing the crystal barrier. He could only pantomime, hoping she would turn his way and see him. They could not touch through the glass.

"Mildred, do you know that girl I was telling you about?"

"What girl?" She was almost asleep.

"The girl next door."

"What girl next door?"

"You know, the high school girl Clarisse, her name is."

"Oh, yes," said his wife.

"I haven't seen her for a few days—four days to be exact. Have you seen her?"

"No."

"I've meant to talk to you about her. Strange."

"Oh, I know the one you mean."

"I thought you would."

"Her," said Mildred in the dark room.

"What about her?" asked Montag.

"I meant to tell you, Forgot. Forgot."

"Tell me now. What is it?"

"I think she's gone."

"Gone?"

"Whole family moved out somewhere. But she's gone for good. I think she's dead."

"We couldn't be talking about the same girl."

"No. The same girl. McClellan. McClellan. Run over by a car. Four days ago. I'm not sure. But I think she's dead. The family moved out anyway. I don't know. But I think she's dead."

"You're not sure of it!"

"No, not sure. Pretty sure."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Forgot."

"Four days ago!"

"I forgot all about it."

"Four days ago," he said, quietly, lying there.

They lay there in the dark room not moving, either of them. "Good night," she said.

He heard a faint rustle. Her hand moved. The electric thimble moved like a praying mantis on the pillow, touched by her hand. Now it was in her ear again, humming.

He listened and his wife was singing under her breath.

Outside the house, a shadow moved,

an autumn wind rose up and faded away. But there was something else in the silence that he heard. It was like a breath exhaled upon the window. It was like a faint drift of greenish luminescent smoke, the motion of a single huge October leaf blowing across the lawn and away.

The Hound, he thought. It's out there tonight. It's out there now. If I opened the window . . .

He did not open the window.

He had chills and fever in the morning.

"You can't be sick," said Mildred.

He closed his eyes over the hotness. "Yes."

"But you were all right, last night."

"No, I wasn't all right." He heard the "relatives" shouting in the parlor.

Mildred stood over his bed, curiously. He felt her there, he saw her without opening his eyes, her hair burnt by chemicals to a brittle straw, her eyes with a kind of cataract unseen but suspect far behind the pupils, the red dened pouting lips, the body as thin as a praying mantis from dieting, and her flesh like white bacon. He could remember her no other way.

"Will you bring me aspirin and water?"

"You've got to get up," she said. "It's noon. You've slept five hours later than usual."

"Will you turn the parlor off," he asked.

"That's my family."

"Will you turn it off for a sick man?"

"I'll turn it down."

She went out of the room and did nothing to the parlor and came back. "Is that better?"

"Thanks."

"That's my favorite program," she said.

"What about the aspirin?"

"You've never been sick before." She went away again.

"Well, I'm sick now. I'm not going to work tonight. Call Beatty for me."

"You acted funny last night." She returned, humming.

"Where's the aspirin?" He glanced at the water glass she handed him.

"Oh." She walked to the bath again. "Did something happen?"

"A fire, is all."

"I had a nice evening," she said, in the bathroom.

"What doing?"

"The parlor."

"What was on?"

"Programs."

"What programs?"

"Some of the best ever."

"Who?"

"Oh, you know, the bunch."

"Yes, the bunch, the bunch, the bunch." He pressed at the pain in his eyes and suddenly the odor of kerosene made him vomit.

Mildred came in, humming. She was surprised. (continued overleaf)

TOBACCOLAND

(continued from page 15)

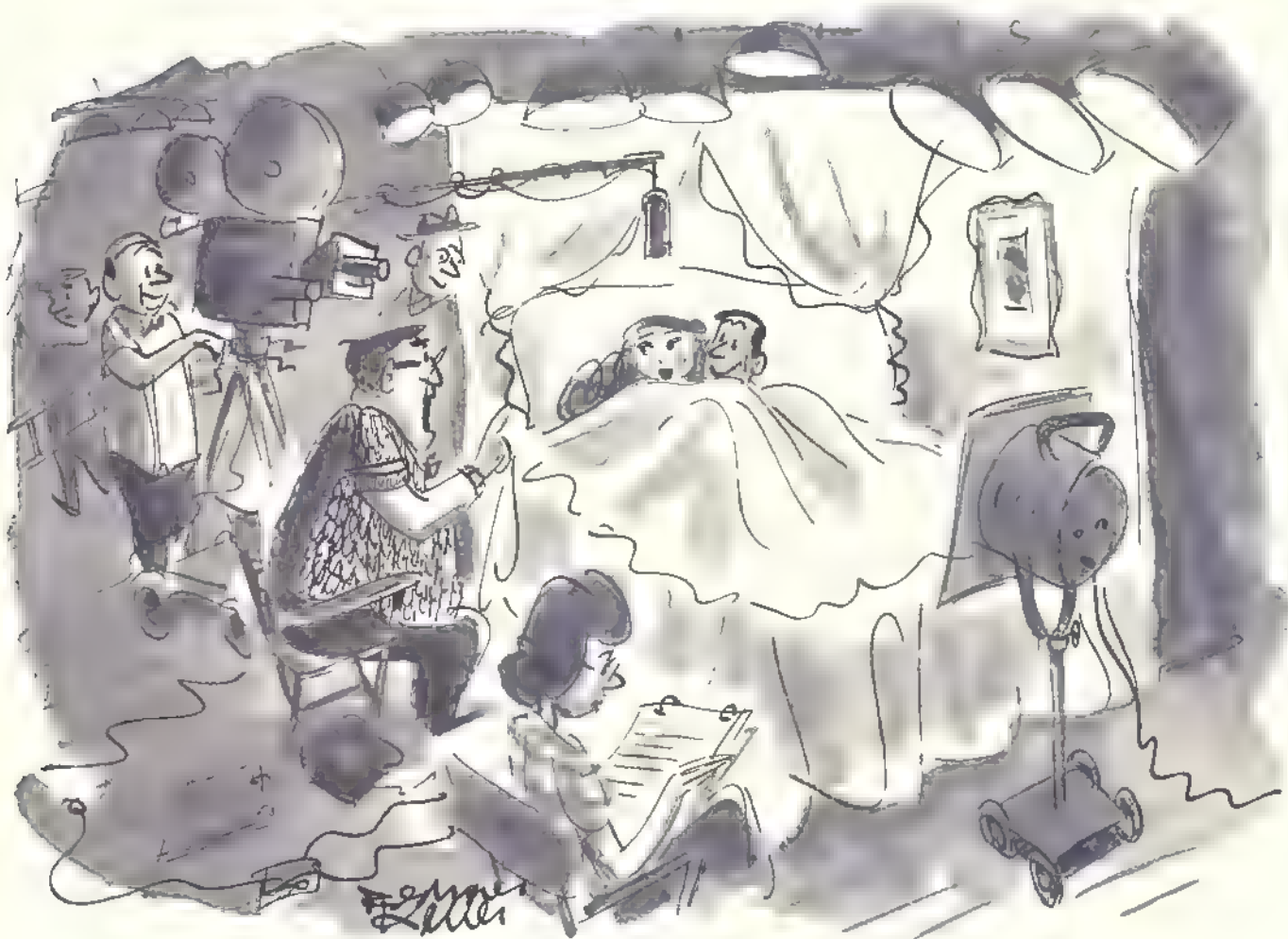
tistics — in fact, everything about the research except the cigarettes themselves. After explaining away the findings, however, they pledged the formation of a joint industry research group of their own to look into the matter more thoroughly.

The scientists, themselves, are convinced that further tests will uncover the trouble-making mystery ingredient and that it can be removed. In the meantime, it's doubtful that very many women will switch to pipes or cigars, and habit will probably keep most male smokers using about the same amount of tobacco in the same form

and brand as before. The fact that cigarettes can be harmful isn't exactly news — "coffin nails" have rated attention in life insurance statistics for a good many years. But let's face it, most of us do dozens of things every day that, in the strictest sense, might be considered "harmful." The guy who lives just for the moment is a fool — but only an old fuddy duddy gives up all the pleasures of today for the uncertain rewards of the future. A man interested in "the good life" settles on a pleasant compromise between these two extremes (excuse me while I flick the ash off my cigarette).

The aspect of this whole situation that is really humorous and probably the most galling to more than a few of the cigarette manufacturers is the thousands upon thousands of dollars that has been turned over to medical research organizations for 30 day mildness tests, and individual medicos for comments on the T-Zone, and answers to questions like "What cigarette do you smoke, doctor?"

After pouring all that loot into M. D. pockets, it could make a gentle old tobacco tycoon bitter to wake up one fine morning and discover the doctors of the nation calling his product poisonous. *Et tu Dr. Brute!*



"Get out of bed and get back in again, Miss Devere—
and this time get in as though you meant business!"

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 42)

"Why'd you do that?"

He looked with dismay at the floor. "We burned an old woman with her books."

"It's a good thing the rug's washable." She fetched a mop and worked on it. "I went to Helen's last night."

"Couldn't you get the shows in your own parlor?"

"Sure, but it's nice visiting."

She went out into the parlor. He heard her singing.

"Mildred?" he called.

She returned, singing, snapping her fingers softly.

"Aren't you going to ask me about last night?" he said.

"What about it?"

"We burned a thousand books. We burned a woman."

"Well?"

The parlor was exploding with sound.

"We burned copies of Dante and Swift and Marcus Aurelius."

"Wasn't he a European?"

"Something like that."

"Wasn't he a radical?"

"I never read him."

"He was a radical." Mildred fiddled with the telephone. "You don't expect me to call Captain Beatty, do you?"

"You must!"

"Don't shout!"

"I wasn't shouting." He was up in bed, suddenly, enraged and flushed, shaking. The parlor roared in the hot air. "I can't call him. I can't tell him I'm sick."

"Why?"

Because you're afraid, he thought. A child feigning illness, afraid to call because after a moment's discussion, the conversation would run so: "Yes, Captain, I feel better already. I'll be in at ten o'clock tonight."

"You're not sick," said Mildred.

Montag fell back in bed. He reached under his pillow. The hidden book was still there.

"Mildred, how would it be if, well, maybe I quit my job awhile?"

"You want to give up everything? After all these years of working, because, one night, some woman and her books—"

"You should have seen her, Millie!"

"She's nothing to me; she shouldn't have had books. It was her responsibility, she should've thought of that. I hate her. She's got you going and next thing you know we'll be out, no house, no job, nothing."

"You weren't there, you didn't see," he said. "There must be something in books, things we can't imagine, to make a woman stay in a burning house; there must be something there. You don't stay for nothing."

"She was simple-minded."

"She was as rational as you and I, more so perhaps, and we burned her."

"That's water under the bridge."

"No, not water; fire. You never seen

a burned house? It smolders for days. Well, this fire'll last me the rest of my life. God! I've been trying to put it out, in my mind, all night. I'm crazy with trying."

"You should've thought of that before becoming a fireman."

"Thought!" he said. "Was I given a choice? My grandfather and father were firemen. In my sleep, I ran after them."

The parlor was playing a dance tune

"This is the day you go on the early shift," said Mildred. "You should've gone two hours ago. I just noticed."

"It's not just the woman that died," said Montag. "Last night I thought about all the kerosene I've used in the past ten years. And I thought about books. And for the first time I realized that a man was behind each one of the books. A man had to think them up. A man had to take a long time to put them down on paper. And I'd never even thought that thought before." He got out of bed.

"It took some man a lifetime maybe to put some of his thought down, looking around at the world and life and then I come along in two minutes and boom! it's all over."

"Let me alone," said Mildred. "I didn't do anything."

"Let you alone! That's all very well, but how can I leave myself alone? We need not be let alone. We need to be really bothered once in a while. How long is it since you were *really* bothered? About something important, about something real?"

And then he shut up, for he remembered last week and the two white stones staring up at the ceiling and the pump-snake with the probing eye and the two soap-faced men with the cigarettes moving in their mouths when they talked. But that was another Mildred, that was a Mildred so deep inside this one, and so bothered, really bothered, that the two women had never met. He turned away.

Mildred said, "Well, now you've done it. Out front of the house. Look who's here."

"I don't care."

"There's a Phoenix car just drove up and a man in a black shirt with an orange snake stitched on his arm coming up the front walk."

"Captain Beatty?" he said.

"Captain Beatty."

Montag did not move, but stood looking into the cold whiteness of the wall immediately before him.

"Go let him in, will you? Tell him I'm sick."

"Tell him yourself!" She ran a few steps this way, a few steps that, and stopped, eyes wide, when the front door speaker called her name, softly, softly, Mrs. Montag, Mrs. Montag, someone here, someone here, Mrs.

Montag, Mrs. Montag, someone's here, Fading.

Montag made sure the book was well hidden behind the pillow, climbed slowly back into bed, arranged the covers over his knees and across his chest, half-sitting, and after a while Mildred moved and went out of the room and Captain Beatty strolled in, his hands in his pockets.

"Shut the 'relatives' up," said Beatty, looking around at everything except Montag and his wife.

This time, Mildred ran. The yammering voices stopped yelling in the parlor.

Captain Beatty sat down in the most comfortable chair with a peaceful look on his ruddy face. He took time to prepare and light his brass pipe and puff out a great smoke cloud. "Just thought I'd come by and see how the sick man is."

"How'd you guess?"

Beatty smiled his smile which showed the candy pinkness of his gums and the tiny candy whiteness of his teeth. "I've seen it all. You were going to call for a night off."

Montag sat in bed.

"Well," said Beatty, "take the night off!" He examined his eternal matchbox, the lid of which said *GUARANTEED: ONE MILLION LIGHTS IN THIS IGNITER*, and began to strike the chemical match abstractedly, blow out, strike, blow out, strike, speak a few words, blow out. He looked at the flame. He blew, he looked at the smoke. "When will you be well?"

"Tomorrow. The next day maybe. First of the week."

Beatty puffed his pipe. "Every fireman, sooner or later, hits this. They only need understanding, to know how the wheels run. Need to know the history of our profession. They don't feed it to rookies like they used to. Damn shame." Puff. "Only fire chiefs remember it now." Puff. "I'll let you in on it."

Mildred fidgeted

Beatty took a full minute to settle himself in and think back for what he wanted to say.

"When did it all start, you ask, this job of ours, how did it come about, where, when? Well, I'd say it really got started around about a thing called the Civil War. Even though our rule book claims it was founded earlier. The fact is we didn't get along well until photography came into its own. Then—motion pictures in the early Twentieth Century. Radio. Television. Things began to have mass."

Montag sat in bed, not moving.

"And because they had mass, they became simpler," said Beatty. "Once, books appealed to a few people, here, there, everywhere. They could afford to be different. The world was roomy. But then the world got full of eyes and elbows and mouths. Double, triple, quadruple population. Films and radios, maga-

(continued overleaf)

Your Mind (continued from page 21)

I quickly diagnosed his symptoms (sloshing, gurgling) as indicating Water on The Brain. I was correct. Below is a reproduction of an X-ray picture of Thomas' head (Figure VI.)

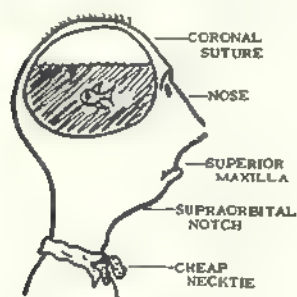


FIGURE VI
Patient Before Surgery

I tried everything to help Thomas. I had him wear a hat made of blotting paper, and I tried heat-lamp treatments in an effort to bring him to a boil. Nothing helped. His condition was so far advanced there was only one remedy — surgery.

I decided to attempt the Schwinkitzenger Operation and install an overflow pipe in Thomas' head. This was a very expensive operation—it cost me over two hundred dollars just to join the Plumber's Union—but it was successful. I installed the overflow pipe along with an automatic control mechanism (Figure VII).

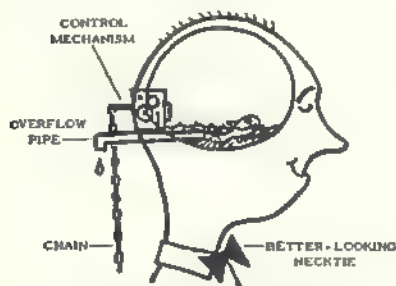


FIGURE VII
Patient After Schwinkitzenger Operation

The pipe and control mechanism worked fine, and a monograph that I wrote describing the operation was published by the California Medical Association and later made into a motion picture entitled, *Love Under Deep Anesthesia*.

My patient, Thomas, however, eventually came to a bad end. One day when he was walking home from school, he got his shoelace caught in the chain and flushed himself to death.

ANXIETY-CAUSED-BY-FEELING-OF-REJECTION COMPLEX. CASE OF LUCY MILDRED S.

I first met Lucy Mildred S. socially. I had been out of town for eight months, and when I got back a friend

of mine telephoned and wanted to get me a blind date with a friend of his fiancee. I agreed and, excited by the adventurous possibilities of such an arrangement, I changed my shirt and gave myself a more liberal application of a new masculine after-shave lotion, a scent that was so virile and masculine it came in a hairy bottle.

At eight o'clock I met Lucy Mildred. She was only five feet and one inch tall. But she weighed two hundred and ninety-seven pounds. She had three teeth missing in the front, and a wart on the end of her nose, and she was almost baldheaded in the back. Yet, in spite of all this, the noise her army shoes made when she walked repelled me.

I discovered that Lucy Mildred had been rejected by four other men previously (I also discovered that she had only met four other men previously), and had definite anxiety feelings about her ability to get a husband.

I had a long talk with Lucy Mildred, and I found that her problem had its roots in her childhood. As a child, she had suffered from a feeling of inadequacy in Social Games, such as leapfrog.

Her playmates had always refused to let Lucy Mildred play leapfrog with them, and she wrongly believed it was because they didn't like her. This was not so. You see, at the age of ten, Lucy Mildred already weighed two hundred pounds and was considered large for her age. And the one time her friends had invited her to play leapfrog, she squashed three little girls and drove one stiff-legged nine-year-old four feet into the concrete sidewalk.

Also, Lucy Mildred's family had been unusually strict with her, not allowing her to go upstairs in their home, because of their firm conviction that she would fall through the ceiling. Since the only bathroom in the house was upstairs, this caused complications.

Unfortunately, Lucy Mildred took these prohibitions personally, and decided to run away from home, and so she came to New York, where she quickly got a job as a chorus girl in a Broadway musical comedy. The producer wanted only tall, slender girls in the chorus, but Lucy Mildred had.

Lucy Mildred soon learned that one cannot run away from one's troubles. Her personality kept deteriorating, until it finally collapsed. The last I heard of her she had decided to live dangerously and had taken a high-salaried position as Westbrook Pegler's food taster.

SOMATIC CONDITIONS AND RELATED PROBLEMS

We must always remember the in-

terrelation between the mind and the body. The activities of the mind and the body cannot be divorced (*Body vs. Mind*, 384 Nevada Supreme Court, 553, 1924), and many physical conditions are caused by a mental shock or impediment.

For instance, I remember when I was about ten years old, my father went through a brief period during which he worried constantly about his business, which had something to do with a popular soft drink that he manufactured in the wagon shed from sugar and fermented corncobs.

Some men from the Federal government came around several times, and Father worried so much about business and the men from the government that he grew a full beard, dyed his hair black, and began speaking with an exaggerated Italian accent. All of these things, purely physical symptoms, were caused by Father's worrying—in other words, by his mental state.

An even more concrete example was the case of my cousin Stanley, whose condition was caused originally by something that happened before he was born. The night before Stanley "arrived," his mother was out on the state highway, hitchhiking back home from work. As she was walking along a particularly dark stretch of road, she was badly frightened by an oncoming motorcycle. This had an unfortunate effect on Stanley.



FIGURE VIII
Cousin Stanley At Birth

Having only one eye in the center of his head let Stanley in for a few bad moments as a baby. His mother, who was confused by the whole thing, kept shoving dirty laundry into his mouth, under the impression that he was a Bendix washer.

However, it turned out all right, because when Stanley was just two years old, his normal eyes developed (Figure IX).



FIGURE IX
Stanley At The Age Of 25 Months

This made the family pretty happy, because up (continued on page 47)

FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 44)

zines, books leveled down to a sort of paste pudding norm, do you follow me?"

"I think so."

Beatty peered at the smoke pattern he had put out on the air. "Picture it. Nineteenth-century man with his horses, dogs, carts, slow motion. Then, in the Twentieth Century, speed up your camera. Books cut shorter. Condensations. Digests. Tabloids. Everything boils down to the gag, the snap ending."

"Snap ending." Mildred nodded.

"Classics cut to fit fifteen-minute radio shows, then cut again to fill a two-minute book column, winding up at last as a ten or twelve-line dictionary resume. I exaggerate, of course. The dictionaries were for reference. But many were those whose sole knowledge of *Hamlet* (you know the title certainly, Montag; it is probably only a faint rumor of a title to you, Mrs. Montag) whose sole knowledge, as I say, of *Hamlet* was a one-page digest in a book that claimed: *now at last you can read all of the classics; keep up with your neighbors*. Do you see? Out of the nursery into the college and back to the nursery; there's your intellectual pattern for the past five centuries or more."

Mildred arose and began to move around the room, picking things up and putting them down. Beatty ignored her and continued.

"Speed up the film, Montag, quick. *Click, Pic, Look, Eye, Now, Flick, Here, There, Swift, Pace, Up, Down, In, Out, Why, How, Who, What, Where, Eh? Uh! Bang! Smack! Wallop, Bing, Bong, Boom!* Digest-digests, digest-digest digests. Politics? One column, two sentences, a headline! Then, in mid air, all vanishes! Whirl man's mind around about so fast under the pumping hands of publishers, exploiters, broadcasters that the centrifuge flings off all unnecessary, time-wasting thought!"

Mildred smoothed the bedclothes. Montag felt his heart jump again as she patted his pillow. Right now she was pulling at his shoulder to try to get him to move so she could take the pillow out and fix it nicely and put it back. And perhaps cry out and stare or simply reach down her hand and say, "What's this?" and hold up the hidden book with touching innocence.

"School is shortened, discipline relaxed, philosophies, histories, languages dropped, English and spelling gradually gradually neglected, finally almost completely ignored. Life is immediate, the job counts, pleasure lies all about after work. Why learn any thing save pressing buttons, pulling switches, fitting nuts and bolts?"

"Let me fix your pillow," said Mildred.

"No!" whispered Montag.

"The zipper displaces the button and a man lacks just that much time to think while dressing at dawn, a philosophical hour, and thus a melancholy hour."

Mildred said, "Here."

"Get away," said Montag.

"Life becomes one big pratfall, Montag; everything bang, boff, and wow!"

"Wow," said Mildred, yanking at the pillow.

"For God's sake, let me be!" cried Montag passionately.

Beatty opened his eyes wide.

Mildred's hand had frozen behind the pillow. Her fingers were tracing the book's outline and as the shape became familiar her face looked surprised and then stunned. Her mouth opened to ask a question . . .

"Empty the theaters save for clowns and furnish the rooms with glass walls and pretty colors running up and down the walls like confetti or blood or sherry or sauterne. You like baseball, don't you, Montag?"

"Baseball's a fine game."

Now Beatty was almost invisible, a voice somewhere behind a screen of smoke.

"What's this?" asked Mildred, almost with delight. Montag heaved back against her arms. "What's this here?"

"Sit down!" Montag shouted. She jumped away, her hands empty. "We're talking!"

Beatty went on as if nothing had happened. "You like bowling, don't you, Montag?"

"Bowling, yes."

"And golf?"

"Golf is a fine game."

"Basketball?"

"A fine game."

"Billiards, pool? Football?"

"Fine games, all of them."

"More sports for everyone, group spirit, fun, and you don't have to think, eh? Organize and organize and super organize super-super sports. More cartoons in books. More pictures. The mind drinks less and less. Impatience. Highways full of crowds going somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, nowhere. The gasoline refugee. Towns turn into motels, people in nomadic surges from place to place, following the moon tides, living tonight in the room where you slept this noon and I the night before."

Mildred went out of the room and slammed the door. The parlor "aunts" began to laugh at the parlor "uncles."

"Now let's take up the minorities in our civilization, shall we? Bigger the population, the more minorities. Don't step on the toes of the dog-lovers, the cat-lovers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, Mormons, Baptists, Unitarians, second-generation Chinese, Swedes, Italians, Germans, Texans, Brooklynites, Irishmen, people from Oregon or Mexico. The people in this book,

this play, this TV serial are not meant to represent any actual painters, cartographers, mechanics anywhere. The bigger your market, Montag, the less you handle controversy, remember that! All the minor minor minorities with their navels to be kept clean. Authors, full of evil thoughts, lock up your typewriters. They *did*. Magazines became a nice blend of vanilla tapioca. Books, so the damned snobbish critics said, were dishwater. No wonder books stopped selling, the critics said. But the public, knowing what it wanted, spinning happily, let the comic-books survive. And the three-dimensional sex-magazines, of course. There you have it, Montag. It didn't come from the Government down. There was no dictum, no declaration, no censorship, to start with, no Technology, mass exploitation, and minority pressure carried the trick, thank God. Today, thanks to them, you can stay happy all the time, you are allowed to read comics, the good old confessions, or trade journals."

"Yes, but what about the fireman, then?" asked Montag.

"Ah." Beatty leaned forward in the faint mist of smoke from his pipe. What more easily explained and natural? With school turning out more runners, jumpers, racers, tinkers, grabbers, snatchers, fliers, and swimmers instead of examiners, critics, knowers, and imaginative creators, the word "intellectual," of course, became the swear word it deserved to be. You always dread the unfamiliar. Surely you remember the boy in your own school class who was exceptionally "bright," did most of the reciting and answering while the others sat like so many leaden idols, hating him. And wasn't it this bright boy you selected for beatings and tortures after hours? Of course it was. We must all be alike. Not everyone born free and equal, as the Constitution says, but everyone *made* equal. Each man the image of every other; then all are happy, for there are no mountains to make them cower, to judge themselves against. So! A book is a loaded gun in the house next door. Burn it. Take the shot from the weapon. Breach man's mind. Who knows who might be the target of the well-read man? Me? I won't stomach them for a minute. And so when houses were finally fireproofed completely, all over the world (you were correct in your assumption the other night) there was no longer need for firemen for the old purposes. They were given the new job, as custodians of our peace of mind, the focus of our understandable and rightful dread of being inferior; official censors, judges, and executors. That's you, Montag, and that's me."

The door to the parlor opened and Mildred stood there looking in at them, looking at Beatty and then at Montag. Behind her the walls of the room were flooded with green and

yellow and orange fireworks sizzling and bursting to some music composed almost completely of trap drums, tomtoms, and cymbals. Her mouth moved and she was saying something but the sound covered it.

Beatty knocked his pipe into the palm of his pink hand, studied the ashes as if they were a symbol to be

diagnosed and searched for meaning.

"You must understand that our civilization is so vast that we can't have our minorities upset and stirred. Ask yourself, What do we want in this country, above all? People want to be happy, isn't that right? Haven't you heard it all your life? I want to be happy, people say. Well, aren't they?

That's all we live for, isn't it? For pleasure, for titillation? And you must admit our culture provides plenty of these."

"Yes."

Montag could lip-read what Mildred was saying in the doorway. He tried not to look at her mouth, because then Beatty (continued on next page)

—Your Mind (continued from page 15)

until then they'd been afraid that Stanley wasn't going to be normal.

But as Stanley grew up he began to feel "different," as he expressed it. He started imagining that people were looking at him on the streets, and he began to be moody and sullen. I recall one day when we had lunch together in a restaurant. Stanley just sat there, silent, staring at the waitress, his soup, and his hat. It was unnerving.

I kept telling Stanley that he shouldn't let his little peculiarity upset him. In fact, I told him he should feel that his extra eye was an asset. And it worked. Today Stanley is well adjusted and quite proud of the fact that he is the only man in the country with 20-20-20 vision.

PHOBIAS

This is the general term used to designate a number of obsessive "Ac-

tion Patterns" that are set in motion when the subject comes in contact with some particularly uncopable facet of his environment. In this regard my sister Thelma has always been interesting to psychologists.

As a child, Thelma seemed perfectly normal and happy. The only unusual incident in her youth occurred when she was sixteen. Father had suffered a temporary financial reverse, and as there were (continued on page 49)

MEDICINE MAN (continued from page 16) • • • • •

"Why, Professor Eaton and I are going to be married, Burke," she said. "Aren't we, Professor Eaton?"

"I had not intended making known the announcement of our engagement and forthcoming marriage at this time," he said, "but since we are to be married very shortly, Effie's brother should by all means be the first to know of our intentions."

"Thanks for telling me, professor," Burke said. "It had better by a damn sight be forthcoming."

Effie ran to Professor Eaton and locked her arms around his neck.

"Oh, do you really mean it, Professor Eaton? I'm so happy I don't know what to do! But why didn't you tell me sooner that you really wanted to marry me? Do you really and truly mean it, Professor Eaton?"

"Sure," Burke said; "he means it."

"I'm the happiest girl in the whole town of Rawley," Effie cried, pressing her face against Professor Eaton's celluloid collar. "It was all so unexpected! I had never dreamed of it happening to me so soon!"

Burke backed across the room, one hand still around the pearl handle that protruded from the cow-hide holster. He backed across the room and reached for the telephone receiver on the wall. He rang the central office and took the receiver from the hook.

"Hello, Janie," he said into the mouthpiece. "Ring up Reverend Edwards for me, will you, right away."

Burke leaned against the wall, looking at Effie and Professor Eaton while Janie at the central office was ringing the Reverend Edwards' num-

ber.

"Just to think that I'm going to marry a traveling herb doctor!" Effie said. "Why! all the girls in town will be so envious of me they won't speak for a month!"

"Absolutely," Professor Eaton said, pulling tight the loosened knot in his tie and adjusting it in the opening of his celluloid collar. "Absolutely. Indian Root Tonic has unlimited powers. It is undoubtedly the medical and scientific marvel of the age. Indian Root Tonic has been known to produce the most astounding results in the annals of medical history."

Effie pinned up a strand of hair that had fallen over her forehead and looked upon Professor Eaton.



"Wake up, Miss Marshall — we should have been at the office half an hour ago — want to get that dictation out of the way, look over that Johnson correspondence, I'm expecting a call from L. A. at eleven, J. B. wants those notes on the meeting with . . ."



FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from preceding page)

might turn and read what was there, too.

"Colored people don't like *Little Black Sambo*. Burn it. White people don't feel good about *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Burn it. Someone's written a book on tobacco and cancer of the lungs? The cigarette people are weeping? Burn the book. *Serenity*. Montag. Peace, Montag. Take your fight outside. Better yet, into the incinerator. Funerals are unhappy and pagan? Eliminate them, too. Five minutes after a person is dead he's on his way to the Big Flue, the incinerators serviced by helicopters all over the country. Ten minutes after death a man's a speck of black dust. Let's not quibble over individuals with memoriams. Forget them. Burn all, burn everything. Fire is bright and fire is clean."

The fireworks died in the parlor behind Mildred. She had stopped talking at the same time; a miraculous coincidence. Montag held his breath.

"There was a girl next door," he said, slowly. "She's gone now, I think, dead. I can't even remember her face. But she was different. How—how did she happen?"

Beatty smiled. "Here or there, that's bound to occur. Clarisse McClellan? We've a record on her family. We've watched them carefully. Heredity and environment are funny things. You can't rid yourself of all the odd ducks in just a few years. The home environment can undo a lot you try to do at school. That's why we've lowered the kindergarten age year after year until now we're almost snatching them from the cradle. We had some false alarms on the McClellans, when they lived in Chicago. Never found a book. Uncle had a mixed record; antisocial. The girl? She was a time bomb. The family had been feeding her subconscious. I'm sure, from what I saw of her school record. She didn't want to know *how* a thing was done, but *why*. That can be embarrassing. You ask Why to a lot of things and you wind up very unhappy indeed, if you keep at it. The poor girl's better off dead."

"Yes, dead."

"Luckily, queer ones like her don't happen often. We know how to nip most of them in the bud, early. You can't build a house without nails and wood. If you don't want a house built, hide the nails and wood. If you don't want a man unhappy politically, don't give him two sides to a question to worry him; give him one. Better yet, give him none. Let him forget there is such a thing as war. If the government is inefficient, top-heavy, and tax-mad, better it be all those than that people worry over it. Peace, Montag. Give the people contests they win by remembering the words to more popular songs or the names of state capitals

or how much corn Iowa grew last year. Cram them full of noncombustible data, chock them so damned full of 'facts' they feel stuffed, but absolutely 'brilliant' with information. Then they'll feel they're thinking, they'll get a *sense* of motion without moving. And they'll be happy, because facts of that sort don't change. Don't give them any slippery stuff like philosophy or sociology to tie things up with. That way lies melancholy. Any man who can take a TV wall apart and put it back together again, and most men can, nowadays, is happier than any man who tries to slide-rule, measure, and equate the universe, which just won't be measured or equated without making man feel bestial and lonely. I know, I've tried it; to hell with it. So bring on your clubs and parties, your acrobats and magicians, your daredevils, jet cars, motorcycle helicopters, your sex and heroin, more of everything to do with automatic reflex. If the drama is bad, if the film says nothing, if the play is hollow, sting me with the theremin, loudly. I'll think I'm responding to the play, when it's only a tactile reaction to vibration. But I don't care. I just like solid entertainment."

Beatty got up. "I must be going. Lecture's over. I hope I've clarified things. The important thing for you to remember, Montag, is we're the Happiness Boys, the Dixie Duo, you and I and the others. We stand against the small tide of those who want to make everyone unhappy with conflicting theory and thought. We have our fingers in the dike. Hold steady. Don't let the torrent of melancholy and dread philosophy drown our world. We depend on you. I don't think you realize how important *you* are, *we* are, to our happy world as it stands now."

Beatty shook Montag's limp hand. Montag still sat, as if the house were collapsing about him and he could not move, in the bed. Mildred had vanished from the door.

"One last thing," said Beatty "At least once in his career, every fireman gets an itch. What do the books say, he wonders. Oh, to *scratch* that itch, eh? Well, Montag, take my word for it, I've had to read a few in my time, to know what I was about, and the books say *nothing*! Nothing you can teach or believe. They're about nonexistent people, figments of imagination, if they're fiction. And if they're nonfiction, it's worse, one professor calling another an idiot, one philosopher screaming down another's gullet. All of them running about, putting out the stars and extinguishing the sun. You come away lost."

"Well, then, what if a fireman accidentally, really not intending anything, takes a book home with him?"

Montag twitched. The open door

looked at him with its great vacant eye.

"A natural error. Curiosity alone," said Beatty. "We don't get overanxious or mad. We let the fireman keep the book twenty-four hours. If he hasn't burned it by then, we simply come burn it for him."

"Of course," Montag's mouth was dry.

"Well, Montag. Will you take another, later shift, today? Will we see you tonight perhaps?"

"I don't know," said Montag.

"What?" Beatty looked faintly surprised.

Montag shut his eyes. "I'll be in later. Maybe."

"We'd certainly miss you if you didn't show," said Beatty, putting his pipe in his pocket thoughtfully.

I'll never come in again, thought Montag.

"Get well and keep well," said Beatty.

He turned and went out through the open door.

Montag watched through the window as Beatty drove away in his gleaming yellow-flame-colored beetle with the black, char-colored tires.

Across the street and down the way the other houses stood with their flat fronts. What was it Clarisse had said one afternoon? "No front porches. My uncle says there used to be front porches. And people sat there sometimes at night, talking when they wanted to talk, rocking, and not talking when they didn't want to talk. Sometimes they just sat there and thought about things, turned things over. My uncle says the architects got rid of the front porches because they didn't look well. But my uncle says that was merely rationalizing it; the real reason, hidden underneath, might be they didn't want people sitting like that, doing nothing, rocking, talking; that was the wrong *kind* of social life. People talked too much. And they had time to think. So they ran off with the porches. And the gardens, too. Not many gardens anymore to sit around in. And look at the furniture. No rocking chairs anymore. They're too comfortable. Get people up and running around. My uncle says . . . and . . . my uncle . . . and . . . my uncle . . ." Her voice faded.

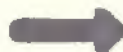
Montag turned and looked at his wife, who sat in the middle of the parlor talking to an announcer, who in turn was talking to her. "Mrs. Montag," he was saying. This, that, and the other. "Mrs. Montag—!" Something else and still another. The converter attachment, which had cost them one hundred dollars, automatically supplied her name whenever the announcer addressed his anonymous audience, leaving a blank where the proper syllables could be filled in. A special spot — (continued overleaf)

Your Mind (continued from page 47)

a great many mouths to feed,* he decided to send Thelma to board with old Judge Vernon and do his cooking and housework. This was a pleasant arrangement, for the old Judge was lonely, having no children of his own, and he soon grew quite attached to Thelma.

Nevertheless, after Father had a talk with him and gave Thelma a padlock for the door to her room, it worked out all right.

But today, Thelma has grown to young womanhood and is suffering from a peculiar phobia that none of us have been able to understand. (See Figure X).



Thelma's phobia is this: she has a morbid fear of revolving doors.

At the present time I am working on a theory that this phobia is the result of an earlier "Double-Oedipus-Reversed Complex with a Half Gainer." This, in simple language, is a complex caused by either (1) an abnormal fear on the part of the child that it has no abnormal fears of any possible abnormal fears it might have about either or both of its parents, or (2) an acid condition of the stomach.**

Thelma's case presents a clear-cut example of the phobia. Other common examples are:

1. **CLAUSTROPHOBIA**, fear of being enclosed
2. **ALTOPHOBIA**, fear of high places
3. **HYDROPHOBIA**, fear of water
4. **ALCOHOLISM**, fear of one's wife
5. **ACTOPHOBIA**, fear of bit players used in Joan Crawford pictures
6. **SAXOPHOBIA**, musical composition recorded by "Jelly Roll" Morton and the Six Brown Brothers (Brunswick)
7. **OCHREPHOBIA**, fear of being covered with gold paint (gilt complex)
8. **MULTIPHOBIA**, combination offer of any two of the above

*There were twelve in our family, and fifteen mouths to feed. There is an explanation for this but I have been asked not to give it.

**When my good friend and one of our most able Congressmen, the Honorable Hummon Clabbercutt, recently inserted this theory in the "Congressional Record" he received an avalanche of mail, all of which was highly favorable (with the exception of thirty-six threatening and rather vulgar telegrams that stated that the sender, a Dr. Carl Gassoway, was starting a petition for Representative Clabbercutt's recall. These messages were turned over to the FBI).

HALLUCINATIONS

A hallucination is possibly the most direct result of Copelessness. The subject, rejecting his environment completely, imagines himself to be something or somebody else.

There is much to be said in favor of such a procedure. At one time, before I conceived the doctrine of Avoidism (to be explained in a later article), I considered the idea of "Artificially Induced Mass Hallucinations" as the way to solve modern man's problems.



FIGURE X
Sister Thelma Today

Later, I discarded the idea, but in those days I was impetuous and had a number of "Jiffy Hallucination Kits" made up to sell to the public. These kits were based upon the Dale Carnegie Theory that "everyone subconsciously hates everything and everybody."

The kits would enable any average citizen to activate this subconscious dislike for reality and "get away from it all" by becoming anything he wanted, from a Park Bench (Inanimate Object, Outdoor Kit #554B) to Bob Hope (Bob Hope Kit #6A).***

The kits were rather ingenious, and worked like this. If someone figured out that the person he was was a no-good, had no friends, and was generally maladjusted, he would come to me and tell me that he wanted to become someone else for a change, say, for instance, the Emperor Nero. I would sell him the "Historical Figure, Early Roman, Kit #363B." This kit contained a number of devices that represented the essence of modern life. Itemized, they were:

"4 self-operating automobile horns

***I only sold one of these Bob Hope Kits. It was quite a few years ago, and I was surprised to make the sale because at that time there was no such person as Bob Hope. However, the kit worked so well that the buyer, a young tap dancer named Lester something-or-other, went on the radio and became Bob Hope. An interesting sidelight.

- 3 continuous - ringing telephone bells
- 1 automatic riveting gun
- 18 recordings of radio singing commercials
- 1 recording of radio disk jockey introducing bop record
- 1 cylinder of compressed air taken from Seventh Avenue Subway (N.Y.)
- 1 box of aspirin (empty)
- 1 recording of neighbors arguing about politics
- 1 drugstore-type tuna-salad-and-peanut-butter sandwich
- 1 copy of next year's Income Tax Forms
- 1 television set
- 1 sealed box

"DIRECTIONS: Start the automobile horns, the telephone bells, and the riveting gun. Start playing all of the recordings simultaneously. Turn on the television set. Release compressed air. Start eating sandwich. Study Income Tax Form. Look in aspirin box and discover that it is empty.

"At this point a specially constructed timing device will pop open the sealed box, inside of which is:

- "1 toga
- 1 crown of olive leaves
- 1 violin
- 1 box of matches"

The kits were remarkably successful. One elderly gentleman with a loose upper plate who lived in Mobile, Alabama, came to see me and told me he was tired of being an elderly gentleman with a loose upper plate who lived in Mobile, Alabama. I suggested a complete change. I sold him the "Musical Instrument, Steinway, Kit #20B," and he became a Grand Piano. In two weeks, he had forgotten all of his past worries about the upper plate and spent most of his time trying to get himself tuned.

Of course, there were a few dissatisfied users. One man who became a Baked Potato ("Goober Kit #44C") was always complaining because the hunks of butter he put on top of his head wouldn't melt.

I mention these details about the kits because, in spite of their acknowledged effectiveness, the public did not respond to the idea, and I still happen to have a few dozen assorted kits on hand. I would welcome correspondence from any enterprising party interested in their purchase. Wholesalers invited. No triflers.

A WORD OF WARNING

These few case histories, although only scratching the surface, have, I hope, given you an indication of the quantity and quality of the Personality Problems affecting people today. By "people" I don't mean other people. These problems can and may effect you!



FAHRENHEIT 451 (continued from page 48)

wavex-scrambler also caused his televised image, in the area immediately about his lips, to mouth the vowels and consonants beautifully. He was a friend, no doubt of it, a good friend. "Mrs. Montag — now look right here."

Her head turned. Though she quite obviously was not listening.

Montag said, "It's only a step from not going to work today to not working tomorrow, to not working at the firehouse ever again."

"You are going to work tonight, though, aren't you?" said Mildred.

"I haven't decided. Right now I've got an awful feeling I want to smash things and kill things."

"Go take the beetle."

"No, thanks"

"The keys to the beetle are on the night table. I always like to drive fast when I feel that way. You get it up around ninety-five and you feel wonderful. Sometimes I drive all night and come back and you don't know it. It's fun out in the country. You hit rabbits, sometimes you hit dogs. Go take the beetle."

"No, I don't want to, this time. I want to hold onto this funny thing. God, it's gotten big on me. I don't know what it is. I'm so damned unhappy. I'm so mad, and I don't know why. I feel like I'm putting on weight. I feel fat. I feel like I've been saving up a lot of things, and don't know what. I might even start reading books."

"They'd put you in jail, wouldn't they?" She looked at him as if he were behind the glass wall.

He began to put on his clothes, moving restlessly about the bedroom. "Yes, and it might be a good idea. Before I hurt someone. Did you hear Beatty? Did you listen to him? He knows all the answers. He's right. Happiness is important. Fun is everything. And yet I kept sitting there saying to myself, I'm not happy, I'm not happy."

"I am," Mildred's mouth beamed. "And proud of it."

"I'm going to do something," said Montag. "I don't even know what yet, but I'm going to do something big."

"I'm tired of listening to this junk," said Mildred, turning from him to the announcer again.

Montag touched the volume control in the wall and the announcer was speechless.

"Millie?" He paused. "This is your house as well as mine. I feel it's only fair that I tell you something now. I should have told you before, but I wasn't even admitting it to myself. I have something I want you to see, something I've put away and hid during the past year, now and again, once in a while, I didn't know why, but I did it and I never told you."

He took hold of a straight-backed chair and moved it slowly and steadily

into the hall near the front door and climbed up on it and stood for a moment like a statue on a pedestal, his wife standing under him, waiting. Then he reached up and pulled back the grille of the air-conditioning system and reached far back inside to the right and moved still another sliding sheet of metal and took out a book. Without looking at it he dropped it to the floor. He put his hand back up and took out two books and moved his hand down and dropped the two books to the floor. He kept moving his hand and dropping books, small ones, fairly large ones, yellow, red, green ones. When he was done he looked down upon some twenty books lying at his wife's feet.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I didn't really think. But now it looks as if we're in this together."

Mildred backed away as if she were suddenly confronted by a pack of mice that had come up out of the floor. He could hear her breathing rapidly and her face was pale out and her eyes were fastened wide. She said his name over, twice, three times. Then, moaning, she ran forward, seized a book and ran toward the kitchen incinerator.

He caught her, shrieking. He held her and she tried to fight away from him, scratching.

"No, Millie, no! Wait! Stop it, will you? You don't know . . . stop it!" He slapped her face, he grabbed her again and shook her.

She said his name and began to cry.

"Millie!" he said. "Listen. Give me a second, will you? We can't do anything. We can't burn these. I want to look at them, at least look at them once. Then if what the Captain says is true, we'll burn them together, believe me we'll burn them together. You must help me." He looked down into her face and took hold of her chin and held her firmly. He was looking not only at her, but for himself and what he must do, in her face. "Whether we like this or not, we're in it. I've never asked for much from you in all these years, but I ask it now, I plead for it. We've got to start somewhere here, figuring out why we're in such a mess, you and the medicine nights, and the car, and me and my work. We're heading right for the cliff, Millie. God, I don't want to go over. This isn't going to be easy. We haven't anything to go on, but maybe we can piece it out and figure it and help each other. I need you so much right now, I can't tell you. If you love me at all you'll put up with this, twenty-four, forty-eight hours, that's all I ask, then it'll be over, I promise, I swear! And if there is something here, just one little thing out of a whole mess of things, maybe we can pass it on to someone else."

She wasn't fighting any more, so he let her go. She sagged away from him and slid down the wall, and sat on the floor looking at the books. Her foot touched one and she saw this and pulled her foot away.

"That woman, the other night, Millie, you weren't there. You didn't see her face. And Clarisse. You never talked to her. I talked to her. And men like Beatty are afraid of her. I can't understand it. Why should they be so afraid of someone like her? But I kept putting her alongside the firemen in the House last night, and I suddenly realized I didn't like them at all, and I didn't like myself at all any more. And I thought maybe it would be best if the firemen themselves were burnt."

"Guy!"

The front door voice called softly: "Mrs. Montag, Mrs. Montag, someone here, someone here, Mrs. Montag, Mrs. Montag, someone here."

Softly.

They turned to stare at the door and the books toppled everywhere, everywhere in heaps.

"Beatty!" said Mildred.

"It can't be him."

"He's come back!" she whispered.

The front door voice called again softly. "Someone here . . ."

"We won't answer," Montag lay back against the wall and then slowly sank to a crouching position and began to nudge the books, bewilderedly, with his thumb, his forefinger. He was shivering and he wanted above all to shove the books up through the ventilator again, but he knew he could not face Beatty again. He crouched and then he sat and the voice of the front door spoke again, more insistently. Montag picked a single small volume from the floor. "Where do we begin?" He opened the book halfway and peered at it. "We begin by beginning, I guess."

"He'll come in," said Mildred, "and burn us and the books!"

The front door voice faded at last. There was a silence. Montag felt the presence of someone beyond the door, waiting, Listening. Then the footsteps going away down the walk and over the lawn.

"Let's see what this is," said Montag.

He spoke the words haltingly and with a terrible self-consciousness. He read a dozen pages here or there and came at last to this:

"It is computed, that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end."

Mildred sat across the hall from him. "What does it mean? It doesn't mean *anything*! The Captain was right!"

"Here now," said Montag. "We'll start over again, at the beginning."

(Continued next month)



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IN THIS ISSUE

SCIENCE-FICTION THRILLER
by RAY BRADBURY.



Page 6

TV CHUCKLES.



Page 22

SEX SELLS A SHIRT.



Page 36